EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 162 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • JANUARY 19, 1946 NUMBER 3

The Shape of Things

ON THE WHOLE THE UNO HAS MADE A GOOD start. In contrast with the gloomy deadlock that ended in the failure of the five-power conference in London, fifty-one nations have rapidly agreed in giving the new organization the tools it needs for its global job. Coincidence in every detail could not reasonably have been expected, but differences were ironed out in a matter of hours without producing any of the ill-feeling we witnessed even in San Francisco. Both the United States and Russia won and lost some of their moves, but neither attempted to dominate the Assembly at the expense of the lesser powers. The selection of the six nations to serve with the Big Five on the Security Council showed a general desire to make the executive of the UNO as representative as possible. Canada's decision to withdraw in favor of Australia, after the southwestern Pacific countries had failed by themselves to secure a seat on the Council, provided a notable example of cooperation and magnanimity. The extraordinary ability shown by Manuilski in a similar post in San Francisco gave the Soviet Union the chairmanship of the important Political Committee. Sponsored by Russia, Great Britain, the United States, Canada, France, and China, the establishment of a commission to deal with the problems created by atomic developments will be presented this week from the Assembly floor definitely bringing the controversial and fateful control of the atomic bomb under the UNO.

✶

IT WAS GOOD TO SEE REPUBLICAN SPAIN TAKEN into consideration even in the limited form of the nomination by France of Rafael Altamira, an exile in Mexico, for the International Court. His candidacy was supported by several Latin American countries, significantly eager to proclaim their opposition to Franco. Mr. Bevin has reiterated his disinclination to allow the question of Spain to come before the Assembly, or any international conference, but world opinion will be most disappointed if the first meeting of the UNO ends without finding a way to give practical effect to the San Francisco resolution outlawing the Franco regime. Perhaps the excellent proposal for "multilateral intervention" issued by Argentina's leading democrats can be made the basis of UNO action against both Franco and Perón.

✶

BETWEEN MAY, 1945, AND JANUARY, 1946, THE Argentine government has systematically and defiantly violated every obligation assumed as a member of the UNO. At this moment, while its representatives sit in the Assembly at London, the Perón regime is consolidating its fascist control over the country by every method known to Hitler: a demagogic appeal for labor support based on sweeping wage decrees coupled with attempts to reassure and enlist "little business;" police terrorism; bands of rowdies who break up gatherings of citizens and attack individuals wearing buttons of the Democratic Union; widespread and unchecked attacks on Jews and Jewish places of business; jingoist plans for Argentine domination of the continent. The list could go on; indeed *The Nation* plans to publish a more complete indictment in an early issue, for we consider the Perón dictatorship comparable in importance with Nazism when Hitler first came to power. The solid resistance of Argentina's business elements is the most striking difference to be noted. But this has its danger, too, the danger of dividing the nation on class lines, with labor yielding more and more completely to the persuasion of the Perón "revolution." The three-day shutdown called by organized business as a demonstration against the bonus and salary increases decreed on December 20 may help to consolidate Perón's support among the unskilled workers and their families, making his election in February even more certain. The democrats of Argentina badly need the support of world opinion, and there could be no more fitting instrument of that opinion than the first meeting of the General Assembly.

✶

THE POLITICAL PURGE DEMANDED IN THE TWO directives to the Shidehara government early this month has given great encouragement to the liberated progressive forces now preparing for the coming elections. The Japanese government was ordered to ban from the elections and from public office all active exponents of militarism, fascism, and aggressive nationalism, and to abolish or prevent the rebirth of twenty-seven jingoist and fascist societies. The terms of the directives were so broad and at the same time so specific that they banned some 20,000 officials and forced a tortured and unstable reshuffling of the Shidehara Cabinet; they also played havoc with the reconversion plans of right-wing politicians who had been donning democratic make-up for the coming elections. Three-fourths of the members of the outgoing Diet will be unable to run for reelection because of membership in the Imperial Rule Assistance Association and similar organizations. The order has not only barred virtually all the reactionary Progressive Party and most of the rightist Liberal Party candidates but has crippled their machines. Many right-wing party organizers in the towns and villages are abandoning their positions because they see the end of the patronage on which their livelihood depended. The result of the purge may be a left majority

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things 57
Why G. I.'s Demonstrate 60
Peace in China? 61
Squeeze on Turkey 61

ARTICLES

U. S. Industry's Grand Strategy *by Alfred Friendly* 62
What Do the People Think of Truman? *by Richard L. Neuberger* 63
"The New Veteran" *Walter Bernstein vs. Merle Miller* 65
In the Wind 68
Britain and Empire Planning *by Aylmer Vallance* 69
Reveillon in Paris *by Ida Treat* 71
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 73
The People's Front *by Del Vayo* 74

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 75
Oh, My Name It Is Sam Hall. A Poem *by Randall Jarrell* 76
Science and the State *by Benjamin Harrow* 76
Briefer Comment 77
Drama *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 81
Films *by James Agee* 81
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 82
In Short *by K. H.* 83

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 144 *by Jack Barrett* 84

Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey

Managing Editor J. King Gordon — *Washington Editor* I. F. Stone — *Literary Editor* Margaret Marshall

European Editor: J. Alvarez del Vayo

Associate Editors
Robert Bendiner, Keith Hutchison, Maxwell S. Stewart

Drama: Joseph Wood Krutch *Music:* B. H. Haggin

Staff Contributors
Reinhold Niebuhr, Carey McWilliams, Aylmer Vallance

Assistant Managing Editors: Estella Draper, Robert Harvey

Copy Editor: Gladys Whiteside. *Assistant Literary Editor:* Caroline Whiting. *Research Editor:* Doris W. Tanz.

Business Manager: Hugo Van Arx

Advertising Manager: William B. Brown

Director of Nation Associates: Lillie Shultz

The Nation, published weekly and copyrighted, 1946, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 18, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas, Lausanne, Switzerland.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $5; Two Years $8; Three years $11. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new one.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

in the next Diet if the Socialists and Communists succeed in carrying their campaign to the countryside in the next two months.

⁎

WHEN THE UNITED AUTOMOBILE WORKERS accepted the 19½-cents-an-hour increase recommended by the fact-finding board in the General Motors strike, they provided President Truman with an opportunity to win a great victory for labor and industrial peace in this country. If the White House forces G. M. also to accept the decision of the fact-finding board, the way will be cleared for a similar upward revision of wages in other industries and for the resumption of production. The U. A. W.'s move and the narrow margin which separates the two sides in the steel dispute hold out the hope that we may avoid the knock-down and drag-out fight envisaged in Alfred Friendly's article in this week's issue. The crucial point in the letter sent by the General Motors Council of the U. A. W. to President Truman is that the fact-finding board's decision is based on the assumption that 1946 production levels will not exceed those of 1941. Considering the big backlog of demand for automobiles, production during the next few years should far surpass the 1941 volume and thus allow a correspondingly wider margin of profits to General Motors without a price increase. It is up to the President to demand a showdown. Does the General Motors crowd want a reasonable settlement, or do they want to try and smash the labor movement?

⁎

THE "JUDICIAL" SPIRIT IN WHICH THE HOUSE Committee on Un-American Activities—successor to Martin Dies and Co.—is carrying on its labors is well illustrated by the following chronological account of its recent dealings with the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee.

December 1. Ernie Adamson, counsel to the Un-American Committee, asks the President's War Control Board to cancel the Joint Committee's license to collect and distribute funds for relief of refugees in Europe.

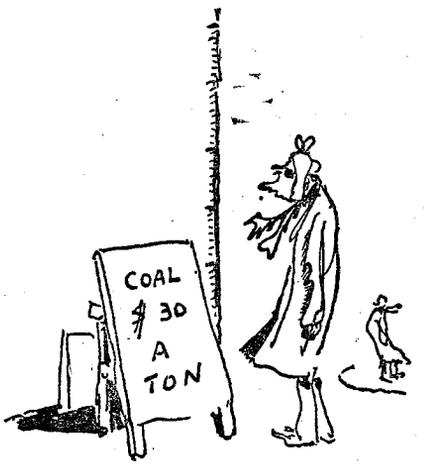
December 8. The Joint Committee receives a letter from Mr. Adamson saying in part: "In the interests of saving time I suggest that you permit one of our investigators to make a preliminary investigation of your organization to determine whether or not this committee is *interested in your organization*" (italics added).

December 10. The Joint Committee receives a subpoena to produce all its books and records at a hearing of the Un-American Committee on January 23.

Thus, after trying to execute a death sentence on an organization whose work for the relief of Franco's victims is a matter of public record, the Un-American Committee now wishes to launch a fishing expedition in the hope of finding something that looks like evidence to back the verdict it has already reached. There is nothing surprising about these tactics. The Un-American Committee was created by Representative Rankin to carry on just such political hatchet work against left and liberal organizations. What is surprising is that even a conservative Congress should continue to tolerate in its midst a group which, as Representative Ellis Patterson has said, "has violated every concept of American democracy."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PROPOSED EIGHTEEN-CENT INCREASE IN butter prices is the most direct challenge yet offered to the stabilization program from within Administration circles. Money spent for butter is an important part of the living expense of most American families. If this 35 per cent rise proposed by Secretary of Agriculture Anderson is permitted, the door will be opened not only to pressure for higher prices from other producers but to new wage demands based on the rising cost of living. Minor price adjustments have been made without serious consequences, but drastic increases of this type will almost certainly start off the inflationary cycle. There are several ways to obtain increased butter production without a rise in price. During the war steady production was achieved by a subsidy enabling creameries to pay above-market prices for butter fat. As an alternative to restoring the subsidy, the Department of Agriculture could impose a ceiling on butter fats that would be sufficiently low to divert cream into butter production. A system of allocations might be set up if the price ceiling failed, to insure the butter producers a sufficient amount of cream.



*

FRANK FAY OF "HARVEY," WHO WAS RECENTLY censured by Equity for charging five actors with religious bias because they attended a left-wing rally at which Harold Laski "attacked" the Catholic church—Laski criticized the Vatican for its pro-fascist role in Spanish affairs—has now been taken over by the Friends of Frank Fay and raised to the status of a crusader. Last week Mr. Fay was the star performer at a Madison Square Garden rally which, to judge by the people who spoke or occupied prominent boxes, might have been a joint convention of every pro- and proto-fascist group in the country. The hall was alive with America Firsters, Coughlinites, Franco apologists, and assorted anti-Semites. The publicity for the affair was handled by a former office manager of America First. The chairman was state Senator John J. McNaboe, a frequent speaker at Coughlinite rallies. Joseph P. Kamp, whose friends include Lawrence Dennis and G. L. K. Smith, is said to be the brain trust for the Friends of Frank Fay. Needless to say, the speakers roundly denied that they were anything but "fine American citizens." But they attacked the "more deadly of the Roosevelt species" and denounced, significantly enough, John Roy Carlson, author of "Under Cover." One of them, Dr. Emmanuel M. Josephson, referred to "labor-union fascists and subversive labor unions," but Mr. McNaboe rose to correct Dr. Josephson, probably out of deference to Joseph P. Ryan, permanent president of the International Longshoremen's Union, who was sitting on the speakers' platform. Mr. Fay apparently enjoyed every minute of it. "I want you to know from the bottom of my heart," said Mr. Fay, whose clichés, like his political opinions, seem to be a little confused, "that tonight I am a happier and prouder American than I have ever been," and so on. His sponsors no doubt are rubbing their hands with glee. What rabble rouser would not be proud to have pulled out of his hat a rabbit as amiable and long-eared as Mr. Fay.

*

THE NAVY'S INVESTIGATION OF THE CROATAN case led to interesting findings. The Croatan, it will be recalled, is the escort carrier reported to have refused to embark a contingent of high-point Negro troops waiting transportation home at Le Havre. According to the Navy report, when an army officer asked whether the Negro troops might come on board, the carrier's commander replied that of course he had no right to refuse but he would prefer not to have them. It was all very genteel, as if the sponsored applicant to a select club had suddenly been discovered to have come from the wrong side of the tracks. Discrimination, apparently, is not the rule of the navy—merely the prerogative of hypersensitive officers.

*

THE HUGE ADVERTISEMENT IN WHICH THE House of Seagram last week congratulated Ray Milland on his magnificent performance in "The Lost Weekend" was as nice a blend as we can remember of defense and tribute. "To the applause of motion-picture crittics . . . we, of the House of Seagram, wish to add our own sincere and enthusiastic acclaim." But don't for a moment think that the advertisement went on to suggest a few drinks on the House. On the contrary, it said that the picture constituted an indorsement of its own earnest conviction that "some men should not drink."

> Ever since Repeal in 1934 [it continued] the House of Seagram has exerted all its influence to further the cause of moderation in drinking. In newspapers and magazines from coast to coast we have published such significant statements as "Drinking and Driving Do Not Mix," "We Don't Want Bread Money," and "Pay Your Bills First."

This feverish protest would—if anything could—cause a prohibitionist to smile. To the innocent bystander who sometimes stands by a bar it is an interesting indication from a reliable source, the liquor industry, of the abiding strength in this country of what is so well described as dry sentiment.

*

A WHITE MUSICIAN WHO WANTED TO HEAR Duke Ellington's band, playing for a Negro audience, walked into Turner's Arena in Washington last week—and was promptly shown the door. We know a *cause célèbre* when we see one and should certainly raise a hue and cry

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about this wanton persecution of the white race if we hadn't been beaten to the draw. No sooner had the episode occurred than Tomlinson D. Todd, Negro president of the Institute on Race Relations, rushed to the defense of the victim. He "was refused admission because he was white," said Mr. Todd. "Discrimination in the nation's capital must go." If Negroes should ever buy Constitution Hall, ladies of the D. A. R. will either be admitted, like first-class citizens, or find a champion in Mr. Todd.

Why G.I.'s Demonstrate

BOOING their commanding general in a public square of Manila last week, twenty thousand American soldiers set off a worldwide chain of explosions that may have blown to bits the army's badly bungled plans for demobilization. In Yokohama Secretary of War Patterson was greeted by a "hothead demonstration," to quote the officer who threatened its participants with prison terms. In Frankfurt 4,000 men stormed ETO headquarters and were turned back at bayonet point. From Paris came reports of G. I.'s parading down the Champs Elysées chanting, "We want to go home!" And from Mourmelon and Reims came stories of funds of several thousand dollars raised by the men to cover the cost of protest cables to American newspapers and Congressmen. Similar rallies and fund-raising drives were reported from London, from Batangas in the Philippines, from Vienna, from Andrews Field in Maryland, from Calcutta, and from Honolulu, where 1,500 demonstrators raised the slogan "Bust Patterson to a Private."

So far serious violence has been avoided. But the warning is plain. The patience of men who have been through years of agony, loneliness, strain, and insufferable boredom has worn paper-thin. These are not mercenaries or career soldiers; they are citizens of the United States who, willingly or not, left their homes, their families, and their livelihoods to fight a war. They do not see why they should be casually expected to bear the burden of a policing job for which they are poorly prepared. Much less do they see why they should be forced to rot in idleness in countries which are not conquered territory, and in no need of our policing —in France, in the Philippines, in the Caribbean, in China, or even here at home. Their discontent does not spring from "minor reasons" as the New York *Times* smugly editorializes, nor from the fact that they have "little except self-pity to occupy their minds." By what right do the editors of the *Times,* or any civilians, lightly assume that these fellow-citizens should without complaint, as a matter of course, add years—or even months—of forced labor to the years of sacrifice they have already contributed?

Somebody, to be sure, must perform the duties of an occupation force, or we stand to lose the very objectives for which we fought. That is obvious, and only the demagogues and the isolationists suggest that we should "bring the boys home," pull into our shell, and write off the war as history. But the need for occupation troops does not, numerically, justify the slowdown in demobilization which touched off the current wave of unrest in the armed forces. It does not explain the retention of large forces in friendly countries. It does not warrant the use of veteran airmen to fly empty coke bottles over the dangerous "hump" of the Himalayas or to bring tile from Bombay to Karachi to build an officers' club; or the misuse of countless other men in equally galling variants of "polishing the brass." Nor, above all, does it excuse the bewilderingly conflicting statements and counter-statements, policies and counter-policies, which leave thousands of stranded men perpetually on the raw edge of doubt, filled one day with frantic hopes, only to be thrown into despair the next, convinced from first to last that those who have the power to move them about the world like so many pawns lack the slightest idea of what they are doing.

The present strength of the army is 4,100,000, which, despite a commendable speeding up in the discharge process over the past two months, is still 50 per cent of what it was the day our forces joined the Russians at Torgau last spring. The objective for next July, as set by the War Department, is 1,550,000. General McNarney, commanding our forces in the European theater, says that he will need no more than 300,000 men to occupy Germany, and roughly the same number are required by General MacArthur for the Pacific theater.

Why, then, the new order to apply the brakes? Especially since voluntary enlistments to date—and anything but an all-out recruiting effort has been made—total 400,000, of which 89 per cent represent experienced military man-power. What has happened in the two months since an accelerated demobilization was ordered to justify President Truman in warning of "the critical need for troops overseas" and a consequent slowdown in redeployment? And, finally, if a slowdown really is necessary, why, upon receiving word of the demonstrations, does Chief of Staff Eisenhower order all theater commanders to cut man-power requirements "to the minimum" and to return "without delay" and regardless of points all men for whom there is no military need? It is precisely this endless series of quick-change acts rather than the rate of demobilization that is driving our troops to increasingly heated demonstrations in the streets of Europe and Asia.

Statistics aside, a mountain of evidence is piling up to show that unless drastic changes are made, our occupation troops will do more harm than good. There is no space here to recount the voluminous and authenticated reports of the swift decay of our forces through idleness and frustration; of their degeneration from a spirited fighting machine to a loose aggregation of bitter men, thousands of whom have gone over to wholesale peddling on the black markets of the world, to looting and wanton violence. These men were not trained for police duty; they were trained for combat. Irrationally—and characteristically—thousands of men whose training would fit them for occupation duties, whose service should just now be commencing, are eligible for discharge under the same point system as that applied to the men who did the fighting. And, equally fantastic, new men now going through their basic training are given the old G. I. routine instead of being schooled in police work.

As a result of the demonstrations, a new and sweeping revision of the demobilization program is promised, despite Acting Secretary of War Royall's attempt to whitewash the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

army and Congress and throw all the blame on public "hysteria." Public clamor is a minor factor alongside a Congress that refuses to bear the onus of framing a policy and an army that was able to raise volunteer parachute and submarine units but lacked the foresight to recruit, long ago, an occupation force—small, mobile, highly trained, and willing to see the job through to the end.

Peace in China?

FOR the first time since the split in the Kuomintang in 1927 the prospects for a basic settlement in China begin to look favorable. A last-minute compromise which permitted a "cease-fire" order to be issued a few hours before the opening of the Political Consultative Council enabled that body to get off to an auspicious start. For this achievement considerable credit must go to General Marshall, whose intervention to break a deadlock in the military talks would have been impossible if he had not gained the confidence of both sides. In contrast to the situation a few weeks ago, when the United States was actively cooperating with Chungking in its struggle with the Communists, this country is now playing a valuable and legitimate role as peacemaker. The importance of our influence on the negotiations now underway should not be minimized. The signing of the truce revealed a willingness to compromise on the part of both the Communists and the Kuomintang which has been notably absent in the past. Of even greater promise was Chiang Kai-shek's dramatic announcement legalizing the opposition parties and proclaiming full civil rights, abolition of the secret police, the establishment of local self-government, and the release of political prisoners. As Chou En-lai, the Communist leader, pointed out, these concessions make possible the creation of a genuinely democratic government in China. They represent acceptance of the basic demands of the Democratic League and the Communists; yet they will be welcomed by the people in Kuomintang territory quite as warmly as by those under Communist influence. The desire for democracy and civil liberties has no political boundaries in China.

Although great progress has been made, we must be on guard against excessive optimism regarding an early or complete solution of China's problems. Even where agreement has been reached on principles, there will be differences over their concrete application. All the old stumbling-blocks remain, chief among them Chiang Kai-shek's insistence that the Communist armies be disbanded. While the Communists do not defend the idea of political armies, they have refused to demobilize their forces or to place them under Chungking control until a representative government with a genuine national army has been established, and in this position they are supported by the Democratic League.

Another obstacle to peace has been the question of agricultural reform, which is bound up with the question of village democracy. Heretofore the Kuomintang has demanded that local officials be appointed in Chungking and that the national land laws be generally respected. This would mean the reestablishment of feudal land control in the Communist and guerrilla areas—an impossible condition. Chiang Kai-shek's promise of local self-government based on popular elections from the "lowest strata upward" would seem to offer a basis for resolving this old and stubborn issue, although it is too early to assume that Kuomintang and Communist conceptions of popular local elections will coincide.

But certainly the most important long-range job facing the Political Council is the creation of a central administration body to carry through the reforms agreed upon. A hopeful beginning has been made with a plan to reorganize the State Council which served as the chief policy-making body until the war, when it was superceded by the Supreme National Defense Council. The plan, put forward by Dr. Sun Fo, leader of the Legislative Yuan, with the full support of the government, provides for an all-party coalition. The Communists have accepted the proposal as a basis for negotiations but the actual allotment of posts may prove a difficult matter.

The best hope of a solid settlement lies in the obvious desire of both sides to reach one. Events are moving fast for China. The commission charged with fixing the details of the truce and arranging for the protection of railways and the disarming of the Japanese has already set up headquarters in Peiping. The most important first step after the shooting stops is a demonstration by the government that Chiang Kai-shek means what he says. Compromise by both sides is necessary, but first of all confidence must be established. The enormous influence of the United States, wielded at last by a man whom everyone respects and whose mission has been clearly and publicly defined by the President, can go far to provide the guaranties of good faith that have previously been lacking.

Squeeze on Turkey

QUESTIONED about Turkey in the course of a press conference on January 8, British Foreign Secretary Bevin pointed out that one of the difficulties of the current Russo-Turkish dispute was that "no official claim" had been made. He added "The right way to deal with things is to deal with them and not carry on propaganda and wars of nerves. . . . The past record of that technique has given us great anxiety. We believe that when a war of nerves starts, the Security Council should step in and investigate and not wait until the aggression starts."

Mr. Bevin may have spoken with more bluntness than discretion, but his implied criticism of Russian diplomatic methods was well founded. For since last March, when it denounced its twenty-year treaty of friendship with Turkey, the Soviet government has been employing the classic strategy of a war of nerves. Its price for a new treaty has never been published, but a note presented to the Turkish government in June, 1945, is believed to have contained demands for exclusion of all warships except Russian and Turkish from the Dardanelles, for three bases in the neighborhood of the Straits, and for the cession to Soviet Armenia of the districts of Kars and Ardahan. Turkish rejection of these proposals was followed by increasingly sharp attacks in the Soviet press. Retorts in kind in Turkish newspapers brought accusations of "sword-rattling."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then at the outset of the recent three-power conference great prominence was given in Moscow to an article by two Georgian professors setting up ethnological and historical claims for the return to the Georgian Soviet Republic of 10,000 square miles of Turkish territory along the Black Sea coast. Turkey has reacted with talk about preferring war to a surrender of any part of its land. Tension is naturally mounting inside the country, and the danger of incidents involving minorities like the Armenians, to whom Russia is giving ostentatious patronage, is growing. Such incidents might provide a pretext for intervention.

The provocative methods which Russia has been employing can hardly be excused; the merits of its claims against Turkey are another matter and one much more difficult to judge. So far as the Straits question is concerned, a new settlement affording Russia reasonable security against the invasion of the Black Sea by hostile navies is urgently needed to replace the out-of-date Montreux Convention. But Moscow's proposals appear to be the equivalent of a demand for exclusive guardianship of the Dardanelles, a demand not compatible with either Turkish independence or the legitimate rights of all nations for the peaceful use of an international waterway. America and Britain, however, are in a rather weak position to press this second argument as long as they maintain their respective holds on the Panama and the Suez Canal.

The problem of the Turkish-Russian boundary districts is very involved. The Turkish view is that the question was amicably settled by treaty after the last war and that until recently there had never been any hint of Russian dissatisfaction with the settlement then reached. Moreover, the Turks say, these lands have been Turkish for hundreds of years and the vast majority of their inhabitants are Turks. Actually this whole area has a very mixed population, and at different times different peoples have obtained temporary ascendancy. The confusion is illustrated by the overlapping claims of the two Soviet Republics, Georgia and Armenia.

But of course national rights are not the real issue. Georgians, Armenians, and the Turks themselves are all pawns in a much bigger game involving Russia's traditional pressure on southeastern Asia and Britain's traditional resistance. Should a conflict be precipitated, it could not be localized. Mr. Bevin's suggestion that the issue be brought before the Security Council is therefore very much in order, provided Britain, which is calling on Russia to puts its cards on the table, is ready to display its own imperial hand.

American Industry's Grand Strategy

BY ALFRED FRIENDLY

A staff writer for the Washington Post *on labor and economic subjects*

Washington, January 13

THE White House statement issued last night announcing that the steel strike had been postponed for one week noted that the union and the United States Steel Corporation would meet again on January 16 for further collective bargaining. But it neglected to point out that the decision of whether or not there will be a strike does not depend on the results of that prospective negotiating conference. The decision will be made in New York, and the attitude of the C. I. O. United Steel Workers will have nothing to do with it. The issue is no longer one of wage increases. It is whether industry will decide to get into production or whether it will plunge this country into an insanely dangerous campaign to repeal what is left of the New Deal.

Hard to prove, but much harder to doubt, is the existence of a wide cleavage in the ranks of America's large financial and industrial interests. On one side, the side whose lunatic fringe was responsible for the "Sentinels of Detroit" advertising, is the crowd that wants a finish fight with government and labor. Like the German General Staff, it seems to have a Plan A and a Plan B. Plan A contains the maximum objectives, to be achieved by several months of strikes and industrial paralysis. By these means, anti-labor legislation is to be crippled, the "ability-to-pay" heresy scotched—at least while profits are rising—and all governmental interference, or even interest, in the subjects of wages, prices, production, and profits removed. Plan B appears to have more limited goals, which are to be won merely by threatening factory shut-downs this winter. It contemplates the extortion of such large price increases that the stabilization program and the OPA will be destroyed. Looking at their long-enduring markets, their carry-back tax relief, a labor-baiting Congress, and an indecisive White House, these interests feel they are in an inordinately powerful position, able to hold out in a long fight.

The difference between this gang and the other faction in industry is mainly one of procedure. The more moderate side is certainly not composed of Henry Wallace converts; its members simply feel that at this stage the financial impetus to settle with labor and thereby step into a world of gorgeous profits offers more certain gains than those that can be won in a dubious battle to move the nation's capital back to New York.

Last week's developments in the steel and General Motors disputes clearly revealed this intra-industry conflict to government officials obliged to carry on negotiations. They disclosed even more vividly the line-up. Leaders of the fight-to-a-finish group, it is now fairly obvious, are the du Pont-Alfred P. Sloan-G. M. financial-control (as distinct from factory management) coalition. Strangely enough, United States Steel leads the rest of the steel industry in the drive to settle up and get to work. The announcement last Friday afternoon by General Motors that it had rejected the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

report of the President's fact-finding board—an announcement perfectly timed to hit while negotiations were in progress between Philip Murray and President Fairless of Big Steel—was designed to support the hand of other steel companies in pressing Fairless to block a settlement.

Despite their surface differences, the steel and G. M. cases go hand in hand. Or rather, steel leads, and G. M. must inevitably follow whichever course steel takes. Tagging in the rear and bound to the same path are most of the other big manufacturing industries. In none of them is the payment of the 17½ or 18 per cent wage increase—by this time clearly the settlement amount for the C. I. O.—a decisive issue. Steel and G. M. will do for illustrations.

In the steel industry the OPA concluded after a most intensive study that to raise the over-all price ceiling by about $2.50 a ton was a super-generous way of giving the companies a profit on the products they traditionally sold at a loss—in order to keep volume high and make more profits on other items. But because of admitted difficulties in getting definite data on some items in the calculations, and because considerable figuring on future cost and operating factors was necessary, some OPA economists are willing to grant that the amount could be modified by as much as plus or minus $1. Assume for the argument that plus $1 is right and that the price increase should be nearer $3.50. Under terrific pressure from the steel industry Reconversion Director Snyder offered a figure which, although not officially announced, is almost certainly in the neighborhood of $4. He made the offer contingent on a wage settlement acceptable to the union, therefore an increase about 19 or 20 cents an hour. In view of the industry's prospective volume, productivity, tax relief, and even its present profits, it is inconceivable that the $4 would not cover 20 cents and much more. At this writing the union and Big Steel are less than five cents apart, literally a trifle in view of the price increases about to be granted to the companies.

The ability of G. M. to pay the increase of 19½ cents recommended by the fact-finding board is even clearer. No one knows it better than G. M. It has never denied it, even in its enigmatic and subject-changing rejection of the recommendations. Indeed, the disquisition on G. M.'s rich position and lush prospects was the one touch of irony in the altogether honest, convincing, and shrewd report of Dean Garrison and his fellow fact-finders. Their prognosis of G. M.'s future was almost lyrical in tone and should have sent investors scurrying to their brokers with orders in hand, while the SEC considers whether to complain against too glowing prospectus-writing.

No, paying the unions 19 cents more is not of itself the bitter draft that is gagging G. M. and the steel tycoons. Between now and next Sunday, when the steel-strike deadline is reached, their problem is to decide whether they want to make a killing in their profit account—or to kill a potentially progressive economic system. If they abandon hope of promoting industrial civil war, they can still be expected to put enormous pressure on Snyder and the OPA in order to make sure that a higher ante than $4 is put in the price-ceiling kitty for steel and to make doubly sure that a similar price increase is strewn with light and inflationary hand throughout all industry.

If the President wants to stand firm, this is his chance. If he yields, he will never have another.

What Do the People Think of Truman?

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Magazine writer and journalist, author of books on the social and political problems of the Northwest. During the war Mr. Neuberger served with the army in Alaska

Pendleton, Oregon, January 5

IN THE depths of the brick roundhouse locomotives idled rhythmically. A 4-8-8-4 Mallet towered in black grandeur over a pair of bob-tailed switch engines. On a siding a mountain-type waited to take the high iron with fifty-four cars consigned to Puget Sound. The train crew, waste and oil cans in hand, leaned against my coupé parked in the snowy gravel beside the roundhouse. From the radio grille in the car came a twangy voice, the voice of the President of the United States.

The men listened attentively. Once the words were lost as a passenger sped past with a flash of lights and staccato clicks from the switches in the yard. The President finished, and the arrogant voice of the announcer returned. Wrigley's chewing gum was thanked for allowing the President to speak.

The gray-haired engineer gave a hitch to his jumpers and put on a pair of yellow gauntlets. "Been waiting half a year to hear him talk like that," the engineer said. "He shoulda done it last spring. You can't win over them do-nothings in Congress with a free meal. You've got to go to the mat with 'em." A young brakeman, lantern in hand, nodded assent. "He's gotta be a real President, the way F. D. R. was. We don't want a namby-pamby. We want a guy who'll make those fellows sit up and take notice. I hope he stays tough now and doesn't kiss and make up in a week or so."

After the train crew had gone and a highball had been given from the darkness, the yardmaster kept his foot on the running-board of the coupé. "Those trainmen all probably voted for Roosevelt four times," he said. "Me, I'm a Republican. I never voted for him. Yet I think we could use him now. Congress doesn't want to do a damn thing. Democrats and Republicans—they're all gutless wonders. Truman's only chance is to get the home folks to put pressure on every one of them."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Harry Truman first moved into the White House, his associates may have convinced him that what the voters wanted was relief from war-time controls and from the kind of government Roosevelt had been giving them. On a trip into twenty-two states I found no evidence that people felt that way. Indeed, the contrary seemed to be true. I talked to barbers, taxi drivers, waitresses, bellhops, locomotive engineers, brakemen, dining-car stewards, mechanics, soldiers and sailors, storekeepers, red-caps, and the owners of at least half a hundred farms and ranches, and I would summarize the attitude of the voters as follows: (1) the majority worship Franklin D. Roosevelt's memory; (2) they want the government to break the housing jam if it has to call on the builders of the Alcan Highway and the atomic bomb to do the job; and (3) they feel kindly toward Mr. Truman and hope he will succeed.

With respect to Roosevelt's standing, my judgment is reinforced by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver, which in a recent nation-wide inquiry asked, "In all the history of the United States who do you regard as the two or three greatest men who have ever lived in this country?" Sixty-one per cent of the men and women interviewed named Franklin D. Roosevelt as one of their choices, 57 per cent Abraham Lincoln, 46 per cent George Washington, and 11 per cent Thomas A. Edison. The Denver poll found only resentment against the attempt of the Pearl Harbor committee to smear the late President's name. In Portland, Oregon, senior students of the two largest high schools cast 549 votes for Roosevelt as the First American of all time and 547 votes for Lincoln. The *Oregonian,* a leading Republican paper, conceded that this decision was "probably indicative of parental opinion as well."

A lawyer in Missoula, Montana, said, "I'm darned if I can understand why my son and his family can't get a place to live. My son was a Seabee in the navy. He tells me the Seabees leveled half the hills on Guam and built airfields and barracks. I wish Truman would call out eight or ten Seabee battalions and have them put up houses." He gestured toward the timbered hills. "They could go into these Montana Rockies and cut enough pine lumber for millions of houses," he added.

In the shadow of Grand Coulee a country editor shook his head dolefully. "Roosevelt put up this dam," he said, "the biggest dam on earth. Truman ought to follow the same principle in putting up houses. The power boys were against the dam. The real-estate boys will be against the houses. But I know that the people want houses just as they wanted the dam."

The engineer at the throttle of the Milwaukee's transcontinental limited, eastbound, before he mounted his cab in a little settlement at the bottom of a gorge in Idaho, said, "I voted for Roosevelt four times because he was on our side. I think Truman's heart is in the right place, but he's got to use a big stick on Congress. Maybe he's going to do it at last. I felt sick when he went on that barbecue with a lot of the Congressmen who are knifing the people. Maybe he's worked all that out of his system now."

As to President Truman's labor policies, the opposition of the leaders of organized labor to the cooling-off period and the fact-finding boards is not apparent among the rank and file. "Seems pretty reasonable to me," said a C. I. O. logger working a sawmill near Portland. "Can't see where it infringes labor's rights," observed one of Dave Beck's teamsters. A longshoreman at Astoria, near the stormy mouth of the Columbia River, thought carefully before he expressed his opinion. "I know Bridges and Phil Murray are against Truman's plan for ending strikes," he said. "I don't agree with them. If labor doesn't accept Truman's plan, the friends of big business in Congress are likely to put labor in a strait-jacket. And what is the alternative to Truman except men like Dewey and Bricker and Taft?"

President Truman

After the death of Roosevelt his enemies exulted that "one-man government" and "federal tyranny" were no more. But a Union Pacific fireman in an Oregon town remarked to me: "We railroad workers are sick and tired of transporting skiers and vacationers and a lot of playboys when the returning soldiers can't get on the trains. Why doesn't the government kick all these people off the Pullmans and put on the soldiers instead? We men have talked of refusing to move a train out of the yards unless it's kept for veterans."

A poll conducted in the Bay area by the San Francisco *Chronicle* showed a fourteen-to-one majority for continuing price control and the OPA. The lifting of the ceiling price on citrus fruits caused a surge of affection for the OPA in many housewives' bosoms. The sudden spurt in the price of oranges showed them how the cost of the whole breakfast would skyrocket if the OPA were liquidated. Chester Bowles, if much maligned in industrial circles, is a popular figure in many American households. "He's one of the few guys in Washington with guts," is the frequent comment of humble consumers.

The housing dilemma is least understood by our soldiers. Men who have conquered the Axis and built bases from the Arctic Circle to the Equator do not see why they must go without a roof over their heads at home. "It don't make a bit of sense," said a sergeant in the 341st Engineers whom I met in a lunch room in South Dakota. "Our outfit helped build the Alcan Highway. We just got bulldozers and steamshovels and sailed into the job. Why not call out the 341st and have us build houses? We'd have a place to live in a few weeks."

I replied that the private contractors and the building-trades unions might feel their rights were being infringed if the army engineers erected houses. The sergeant banged down his beer so hard it sloshed on the linoleum of the counter. "To hell with the contractors and the unions!" he exclaimed. "My wife and baby and I need a place to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

live. My rights were infringed on when I was shipped off to the front for three years. Now to hell with the damn unions and the damn corporations that won't build me a house unless they can make big profits on the deal. I didn't make any profit out of my three years in the army."

No issue seems to hold greater peril for the President than housing. After his radio speech a former gunner in the Eleventh Air Force said, "It took less than a year for the government to have me flying on raids over Paramushiro. I hope the President can get me a house in that length of time."

Roosevelt's greatest political asset was a vague but heartfelt belief on the part of the masses that he was their friend. No propaganda could shake this belief. Out West in the 1936, 1940, and 1944 Presidential campaigns the Republican nominees paraded through districts where working people and small farmers lived amid a silence that was almost embarrassing to us who looked on. In the windows of the houses were pictures of the other candidate for President, usually captioned "A Gallant Leader" or "Our Great President."

Can Harry Truman claim this support? In Butte a Democratic Party official said to me, "Sure, our folks will vote for Truman. But will they *work* for him? We have thousands of miners in this town for whom Roosevelt was almost a religion. They shoved his literature under doors. At union meetings they got up and hollered for him. They marched in Democratic parades. That's why Silver Bow County went Democratic three-to-one with Roosevelt on the ticket, and Silver Bow can swing the state. Every miner was 99 per cent for Roosevelt. I'd say every miner right now was about 51 per cent for Truman. That may not be enough."

Yet it is quite apparent that the bulk of the people like Harry Truman. A vast reservoir of good-will is still at his disposal. But unless he can prove himself a leader, it may seek some other political channel. Captain Harold Stassen appeals to young voters. Many liberals in the Middle West have expressed agreement with Robert Lasch of the Chicago *Sun* that progressives should be ready for independent action if the Democratic Party proves an unreliable instrument for reform.

The President's hard-hitting radio talk helped him. "He sounded like a real President, didn't he?" said a soldier back on his dairy farm along the Columbia River in Washington. "Maybe he's going to show us that he and Roosevelt have the same ideas, after all."

"The New Veteran"

[The Nation *believes in freedom of expression for its reviewers. Walter Bernstein presented us with a special problem when he handed in his review of Charles G. Bolté's "The New Veteran." For the review was less a report on Mr. Bolté's book than a direct political attack on a veterans' organization. For this reason we considered it essential to allow a member of the American Veterans' Committee to reply, and invited Merle Miller to do so.*]

Attacking Mr. Bolte

BY WALTER BERNSTEIN

Formerly staff writer for Yank *in Italy and Yugoslavia; now with the* New Yorker*; author of "Keep Your Head Down"*

CHARLES G. BOLTE'S book "The New Veteran" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2) is an account of his "convalescence from a wound suffered at El Alamein, an analysis of veterans' problems, and an indication of their solution. The personal section is brief, gracious, and nicely understated. Bolté is an American who fought as a lieutenant in the British army; he writes honestly about war with the almost complete detachment from its more sordid aspects that only well-bred young Englishmen seem able to achieve. He approaches veterans' problems in much the same way. Bolté is now chairman of the American Veterans' Committee, a small but highly articulate group of—mainly—World War II intellectuals. His book is largely an argument for the AVC.

Bolté's approach to the veteran question is sound in the sense that he realizes it cannot be handled apart from the basic problems of society. The AVC statement of intentions calls for full employment, social security, and active participation in the UNO. It is also the only veterans' organization that is not Jim Crow. "There are many individual veteran's problems," Bolté writes, "but the one overriding veteran's problem is identical with the overriding national problem: how to create a more democratic and prosperous America in a world organized against war. . . . Mass unemployment for the nation means mass unemployment for the veteran who fought for the right to work. Intolerance, discrimination against minorities, inflation, farm foreclosures, factories turning over at half speed in the nation—all these plant at home the seeds of the same fascism which the veteran defeated abroad." There can be no quarrel with this; the words are admirable. It is unfortunate that they do not shake down into an effective program for mass progressive action.

The main reason is that Bolté seems unaware of any organic relation between the intellectual and the mass. He gives no indication that the intellectual's strength and a large measure of his direction can only come from popular movements. Nor is there any hint in "The New Veteran" that a veterans' organization can survive as a healthy force only if it ties up with other healthy forces—in this case, the labor movement. The book is full of talk about "our generation" but shows little understanding of just who make up that generation or what its immediate needs are. The great majority of veterans are wage-earners receiving less than $2,500 a year. They are returning to a country in which the Roosevelt policies have been largely thrown out of the window. The one positive ally of these veterans is the labor movement. There is no recognition of this by Bolté. He does warn against the tendency to use the veteran to smash the unions,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but he also returns from a trip to Detroit convinced of "the utterly intransigent and violently opposed attitudes of management and labor."

This leads to a position of aloofness on a basic and vital matter. The intransigence in the General Motors strike is on the company's side. No veterans' organization that presumes to be progressive can equivocate on this question.

This lack of roots in the specific needs of the people leads Bolté to other attitudes that sound liberal but would work out as something else. He calls the bonus a gold brick, saying, "You get it and it's spent and then where are you? On relief. And when you ask Congress for relief . . . it says, 'Oh we gave you that bonus last year, we can't do anything more for you.'" This has the ring of truth, but the hard fact is that our economy simply cannot take care of the veteran today. Mustering-out pay is pitifully inadequate; the cost of living is still way up; full employment is being systematically sabotaged in Congress. The average veteran must have some kind of *immediate* monetary compensation just in order to get along. In theory the bonus may not be such a noble idea; in fact it is a pressing necessity. Bolté stresses that "the veteran who knows where he is going doesn't need much help." The fact is that too many veterans know where they are going but have not the means to get there.

This habit of thinking from the top down also puts Bolté into some curious positions on foreign policy. He believes the story that Senator Vandenberg abandoned his extreme isolationist position because he suddenly understood that a newer V-bomb might reach even to Detroit, and says he respects him the more for it. He thinks that "the question of admitting Argentina to the [San Francisco] conference was fundamentally one of choosing between a sterile, legalistic formula and following the dictates of ordinary common sense." He says, "We may feel confident that [the atom bomb] will not be used for evil purposes so long as it remains under the control of the present American, British, and Canadian governments." He feels the immediate necessity to "achieve a world order based on law, governed by representatives responsible to all the people, and guaranteeing the rights of all men."

These statements may sound generous, but they work out as either naive or irresponsible. Senator Vandenberg abandoned his old isolationist position all right, but only in favor of a new interventionist position, as shown today in China. The question of admitting Argentina to the conference was a choice between encouraging fascism or fighting it. The expression of confidence in the Western powers alone as guardians of the atom bomb is an invitation for them to continue guarding it alone. The emphasis on immediate world government is a dangerous diversion from the more immediate need for resurrection of Big Three unity, an idea not quite as pretentious as world government but rather more crucial at the moment. Bolté says very little about the specific need for England, the United States, and the Soviet Union to stick together. (Perhaps it is an oversight that his proposed United Nations Veterans' organization does not have a Russian representative.) He is all for world government. But we cannot have any order based on law unless we first have Big Three unity. And before we can start guaranteeing the rights of all men we must guarantee the rights of a few men —say, the few who are working for General Motors or the 12,000,000 American citizens who are Negroes.

Bolté's handling of the American Legion is another example. His analysis of the reactionary leadership of the Legion is entirely accurate, but he omits two vital facts. Whether you like it or not, the American Legion has become an integral part of American life on the community level, and it can offer the veteran better service on his legitimate grievances than any other veterans' organization. Those are the two chief reasons why the Legion is already the largest organization of World War II veterans in the country. It has 600,000 new members now and expects a million by spring. This fact cannot be ignored or rejected. The question is not alone whether these new men can change Legion policy; as a political machine the Legion makes Tammany look like the American Student Union. There is also the question of going where the men go and fighting for their needs *with* them. A new organization, noble in purpose but lacking roots and positive affiliation, can easily become isolated from the mass of veterans it claims to represent.

There is little need today for an organization of intellectuals to act as a steering committee for the veterans. There is a great need for veterans to ally themselves with progressive forces such as the labor movement on immediate, specific issues. The American Veterans' Committee will become a blind alley if it continues to regard all veterans as young college men who consider the civilian world strange and rather immoral and who feel they can remain "independent." Such people can afford to turn down a bonus or scrap the UNO for a nebulous world government. Most veterans cannot. Such people can also regard as basic the conflict between the old and the new generation. This is another luxury most veterans cannot afford. A veteran on a picket line has more in common with another striker who was in the last war than he has with a veteran from this war who is inside the plant.

No new veterans' organizations can be all things to all men. Sooner or later the time must come when it cannot please Henry Luce and the veterans who are striking in Detroit. Sooner or later it must face the contradiction of being all for a community of nations and yet nodding favorably on our hoarding of the atom bomb. No new veterans' organization can stand outside the fighting within the United States today. It cannot, as Bolté does, set up capital and labor as "two behemoths . . . belaboring each other over which gets the major cut of a pie," with the veteran standing on the sidelines. This is doing just what Bolté warns against—setting up the veteran as a separate class.

The path which Bolté charts for the veteran is well inten-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioned, but it can be seductive and misleading. His book does not face two basic questions: on whose terms does the veteran return to civilian life, and with whom is the veteran supposed to ally himself in his fight for jobs and peace? Unless these questions are raised and answered, any approach to the veteran question will be superficial and any new veterans' organization will be built on sand.

Rebutting Mr. Bernstein

BY MERLE MILLER

Former editor of the Continental and Pacific editions of Yank*; author of "Island 49," a novel*

A NEW veterans' organization has emerged from every war which the United States has fought. Charles Bolté's book is an eloquent, factual, detailed account of the beginning and history of the group which at present seems most likely to capture the imagination of the men who fought World War II, the American Veterans' Committee. To tell that story Bolté, quite rightly, has explained how and why he became the first national chairman.

In many ways Bolté is a quite typical member of the generation which fought and won the war. He began as an isolationist; there are few of us who didn't. Even those who had not read Ernest Hemingway, Dos Passos, Walter Millis, or "Merchants of Death" had absorbed the cynicism that followed the First World War; it wasn't necessary to be an intellectual to be convinced that war solves nothing, that it is only organized mass murder. But, again like the rest of us, Bolté changed his mind after, in his case, bumming to the West Coast and back. What he was beginning to think after the fall of France he was sure of on April 24, 1941, when resistance ended in Greece. He wrote an all-out interventionist letter at that time, which was printed on the front page of the Dartmouth College daily.

Bolté had reluctantly decided that we must fight for survival. He had shifted his position gradually, as honest, clear-thinking men are likely to do. He did not wait for the latest communiqué from Moscow and did not make up his mind because of a morning editorial in *Pravda.*

On July 10, 1941, Bolté and four friends sailed from New York to join the British army. That was not typical. Most of us waited for the draft. At El Alamein he lost a leg, and of his four companions, two "got the limps, two got death." About that, as about war in general, Bolté writes with simple feeling, in somewhat the same deprecating manner in which most disabled veterans, well-bred young Englishmen or not, are likely to describe what happened to them.

On his return to the United States Bolté joined the American Legion, but he soon found that while individual members of the Legion protested vehemently that they wanted "the boys" to take over, there was no practicable way for the veterans of this war to do so; that, in fact, the tight, intrenched hierarchy of the Legion was so organized that an expression of democratic sentiment was impossible. The famous but ineffectual Willard Straight Post of New York had tried and been ousted for its efforts, then later reinstated somewhat chastened. More recently the officers of a Hollywood post were deposed because they dared admit a Japanese American to membership, and earlier in 1945 the national chairman of the Legion's Employment Committee refused to attend the National Conference of Union Labor Legionnaires because, he said, "your organization has no standing in the American Legion and no authority to speak for it."

The whole history of the Legion has emphasized its reactionary national policy, even though, as Bolté points out, its membership, for the most part, has consisted of upper-middle-class business men mainly interested in frequent social get-togethers and an annual spree at the national convention. The Legion was organized in Paris in 1919 by a handful of high-ranking officers who have never let go, though some of the original members have, of course, had to pass on the reins to others. The chief purpose of that Paris group was to combat "bolshevism"—meaning, as it later proved, the books of such mild-mannered progressives as Harold Rugg and Charles and Mary Beard, meaning in many communities (mine in Iowa, for one) organized labor, meaning quite often the sentiments expressed in the Bill of Rights.

Of course, in one sense things have changed of late. The national officers of the Legion are still fencing with the Bolshevists, worrying about Russia, and awarding their 1945 Distinguished Service medal to William Randolph Hearst. But the Communists, in the cities where they are active, are joining up in small but enthusiastic numbers. Mr. Bernstein's attitude toward the Legion so exactly reflects that of the Communists that one is led to question his entire handling of Bolté's book.

In any case he seems to have skipped many passages of the book, either through careless reading or for reasons one hopes are his own. For example, he finds Bolté and the American Veterans' Committee too little concerned with labor. He does not mention, though it is clearly outlined in the book, the AVC's fight against Local Board Memorandum 190-A issued by the national Selective Service, the seniority ruling which can be and is being used by employers in an attempt to break unions—witness the full-page General Motors ads deploring the fate of the poor non-union veteran. The American Legion, as well as the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Disabled War Veterans, has proposed that seniority be given for time in service for the purpose of new employment provided no one is laid off to make room for the veteran, unless—and *unless* is the significant word—the lay-off is for ninety days or more.

Obviously, Bolté points out, anti-union management could very carefully choose a strong union department, close it for ninety days, then rehire carefully screened anti-union veterans. Organized labor is opposed to any such proposal; so is the AVC. Organized labor is fighting super-seniority for veterans; so is the AVC. Labor has its representatives in Washington to protest in person; so does the AVC.

Bolté may be an intellectual—he has read a book, an apparently criminal offense in Mr. Bernstein's view—but he appeared before Congress to make a strong appeal for passage of the full-employment bill. No representative of the American Legion made any appeal at all—and will not.

True, the AVC has not supported a bonus; this particular member hopes it will not. Anyone who remembers 1932 should know a bonus is the answer to nothing. Jobs are the answer, jobs for everyone, not just for twelve million veterans.

The AVC has never believed that veterans can or should

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remain "independent"; there is no such statement in "The New Veteran." The AVC is convinced that veterans must ally themselves with labor, and Bolté quite clearly says so. Attempts to divide the two groups—and they are being made constantly—will lead, Bolté says, to "a fight which can end only in a struggle to see which group gets more and more of less and less, for neither can live without the other."

As another example of Mr. Bernstein's treatment of "The New Veteran," consider the sentences he chooses to quote on foreign policy. He picks out the one saying, "The question of admitting Argentina to the UNO conference [in San Francisco] was fundamentally one of choosing between a sterile, legalistic formula and following the dictates of common sense." But Mr. Bernstein does not give the sentences that follow: "The formula won out, in the traditional and disturbing style of the League of Nations between the wars. . . . This was hailed by the American press as a victory over Russia, but to those of us who had fought this war as a war against fascism it seemed a singularly hollow victory." Again Mr. Bernstein quotes, "We may feel confident that [the atomic bomb] will not be used for evil purposes so long as it remains under the control of the present American, British, and Canadian governments." He does not quote the more significant sentences that come immediately after: "We cannot expect other nations to feel the same confidence; we can be quite sure that other nations will take urgent steps to perfect the practical means necessary to apply the known principles of atomic fission. . . . The only way to rob the atomic bomb of its terrible threat is to vest control of it in the hands of some power higher than that of mere nations."

The examples given are typical of Mr. Bernstein's method. Most veterans are not interested in the latest switch in the party line. They are concerned, and mightily, with finding a job, a place to live, with the kind of world organization which will make another war impossible. As for veterans' groups, the significant fact is not that 600,000 veterans of this war have joined the Legion—a claim, incidentally, open to some doubt, for the Legion is as reluctant as General Motors to open its books for public inspection—but that, despite the millions the Legion is spending on its recruiting campaign, most of the five million men already discharged have not joined any organization at all.

Perhaps the veterans' group that will grow out of this war, as one has grown out of every other war in which the United States has participated, is not yet formed. It was nearly a year after the Armistice in 1918 before the Legion got under way. Meanwhile, few of the millions of young Americans who voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt are going to join an old-line, backward-looking, reactionary group of the last war. Socially, they want a club of their own. And even the most naive of us learned from Munich that you can't overcome evil by joining with it; you must fight it. As for a combination of the extreme right and the extreme left, that was part of the trouble in Germany in 1932. It might contain the seeds of an American fascism.

Approximately 500 young veterans of this war are now joining the American Veterans' Committee every week. They are not all intellectuals; very few of them are graduates of either Dartmouth or Harvard; only a handful have even a nodding acquaintance with the five-foot shelf. They are paying their three-dollar membership to the AVC because it represents a hope for the future, a group of men who are not interested in double-talk but who mean certain things, say so, and then proceed to fight for them.

A great many of the fighting men of this war learned that you can't defeat an enemy by boring from within. You have to organize your strength and fight. That conviction will not die easily.

In the Wind

OUR SPECIAL AGENT for UNO affairs swears this story is true. Before the United States delegates left for the UNO conference they asked the British embassy in Washington whether there would be any customs restrictions on the baggage they took. After consulting the regulations, an attaché informed them that "the delegates may bring any amount and type of baggage they desire, except that in firearms they will be limited to one rifle and 500 rounds of ammunition per person."

AFTER SURVEYING Midwestern editorial opinion on the UNO's decision to locate in the East, we can't understand why the United Nations ever passed over the Middle West in choosing a permanent site. The Indianapolis *Star* of December 30 said the commission obviously hadn't realized one advantage of the section: "The percentage of foreign-born population is low and alien ideologies make little impression on the majority." The Chicago *Tribune* merely growled that "the United Nations have decided to locate not in an American but in an alien seat."

THE WHEEL HAS COME full cycle. Randolph Churchill's syndicated column from Rome, published here January 2, led off with a "fervent wish for the year 1946" that Italian trains will start running on time again.

UNDERGROUND HUMOR is now coming out of Palestine in the best tradition of the anti-Hitler gags that used to filter out of occupied Europe. Here's the latest: "Why is the British Labor government like a violin?" Answer: "Because it's held by the left and played on by the right."

THE AMERICAN VETERANS' COMMITTEE reported a big week in the January 1 issue of its bi-monthly publicity bulletin. Legislation signed by President Truman liberalizing the G. I. Bill of Rights included several AVC recommendations; the Marine Corps announced acceptance of Nisei enlistments, a result of AVC needling of the Navy Department; and Bill Maudlin signed up as a new member.

AN ARMY OFFICER who taught political warfare to G. I.'s at a camp in the Southwest told us about an examination he gave to 300 prospective trainees. Part of the test was a word-association affair. He says that the three responses most frequently scribbled in reaction to the word "Russia" were "anarchists," "godlessness," and "free love."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. We will pay $1 for each item accepted.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain and Empire Planning

BY AYLMER VALLANCE
The Nation's *London correspondent*

London, January 4

CHRISTMAS has come and gone. With so many families united for the first time in years, it was a happy interlude; Santa Claus did his best with "austerity" toys, and the black market in turkeys was broken at the eleventh hour by the public's commendable refusal to pay more than the "control" price. Hogmanay had to be celebrated in most cases without the traditional "dram"; but then, glad though we are to have said farewell to 1945 with its deliverances and disillusionments, there was little inclination to hail the advent of 1946 save soberly. Rosy spectacles are not being worn this chilly winter. Having withstood defeats without despair and achieved victories without vainglory, the British people view the future with neither fear nor enthusiasm. War weariness, native phlegm, or sound philosophy toughened by experience? One guess is as good as another. What is certain is that John Bull today is more of a realist—unsentimental and a trifle cynical—then he has ever been. With both feet on the ground he has no heroes and few—perhaps too few—hatreds; and he no longer believes in "happily ever after" fairy stories. Had the Moscow conference ended, like the war-time meetings of the Big Three, with an announcement that complete unanimity had been achieved and a road paved to the millennium, Britishers would have shrugged their shoulders in profound skepticism.

Certainly no such claim was made by Mr. Bevin on his return from Moscow: by all accounts he came home with a sore head, and did not disguise from his colleagues his resentment at having been "sold down the river" by Mr. Byrnes. Indeed, the general impression here of the agreements reached is that Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Molotov did a deal very much *à deux*. With a modicum of face-saving concessions on each side the United States and the Soviet Union maintained substantially their respective claims to spheres of influence in the Pacific and Eastern Europe. On the items in which the British Foreign Secretary was really interested—Persia, the mandate for Tripolitania, the future of truncated Germany—there was neither any agreement nor, it seems, much American support for the British point of view. It is something, of course, that the deadlock which followed the London conference last autumn has been broken. There is now enough superficial collaboration among the Big Three—or perhaps one should say Big Two—to enable the General Assembly of the UNO to go ahead with its program of work. But with so many fundamental issues shelved or postponed, the signal-light given the Assembly is amber, not green.

Meanwhile Labor M.P.'s have been spending the recess in sounding the views of their constituents—always a salutary corrective to the slightly esoteric atmosphere engendered in the closed community of the House of Commons—and in taking a brief rest before facing up to the arduous program of legislation ahead. First comes the Coal-Industry Nationalization bill, tabled by Mr. Shinwell just before the Christmas adjournment. As the first major instalment of the government's plan for remodeling industry, this measure has been getting close scrutiny during the holidays and will lead to tough debates—with some criticism from both sides of the House. So far as the future structure of the industry is concerned, the outstanding feature of the bill is the wide power given to the Minister of Fuel. He will appoint a Board of Management for the mines consisting of nine experts chosen without reference to any organized interests. The board will have full responsibility for the day-to-day running of the pits, but the Minister, advised by two councils representing domestic and industrial users of coal, will give the board "general directions." This may, in practice, mean a lot, for the Minister will decide what repayments the industry is to make to the Treasury in respect both of the $600,000,000 which it is now to receive for reequipment and of the compensation liability which the state assumes toward existing owners. On his decision will largely depend the industry's ability to pay the needed better wages without raising coal prices to a level which would make British manufactures non-competitive.

Mr. Shinwell enjoys, and deserves, the party's confidence, and there will be no disposition to quarrel with the extent of the authority delegated to him. The really controversial issue is the amount of compensation to be awarded to the colliery companies and the method of its payment. Over the past eighteen years the mining industry made average annual profits of $27,500,000. An Arbitration Tribunal is now to decide what would be the industry's "reasonable net maintainable revenue" if it were not nationalized, and to say how many years' purchase of the annual figure thus estimated would represent fair compensation. Since future costs and selling prices are problematic, this is a tough conundrum for the Tribunal; and its task is immensely complicated by a second instruction, namely, to value the industry as if it were being transferred on normal commercial terms from "a willing seller to a willing buyer." This basis of valuation is regarded by many Labor M. P.'s as an act of appeasement to the companies owning pits which have for years suffered losses and recouped them out of the "equalization" levy on pit-head prices. How can there be a hypothetical "willing buyer" of pits whose future "maintainable revenue" is a minus quantity?

The Tories, well enough pleased at the arbitration machinery, are up in arms against a proviso in the bill giving the government the right to make non-marketable the government stock which will be handed over in compensation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True, this salutary clause—aimed at preventing flight of capital into, say, a Wall Street boom—can be got over, as the bill stands, by the simple device of putting an ex-colliery company into voluntary liquidation. But the financial district detects the thin end of a wedge driven into the sanctity of free ownership of capital, and Tory M. P.'s will fight the clause tooth and nail. What the average Labor voter would like to know is why expropriated shareholders in coal mines or any other nationalized industry should receive more than annuities terminable in, say, fifteen or twenty years. If, as seems likely, compensation is inflated and equity shareholders are given bonds representing a perpetual lien on the community, the process of nationalization may easily lead to a revival of agitation for a capital levy. Otherwise the *rentier*, removed from the shoulders of this or that particular industry, will weigh as heavily as ever on the back of the producer in general.

After coal will come national insurance—another big bill scheduled for the early spring. Our legislators will have plenty on their hands, but they will have to spare some time from bills to consider a question which the dollar loan and the entry into Bretton Woods have made fundamental and urgent—the development of Britain's foreign trade. There is little point now in rehearsing the unresolved doubts and disquietude with which Parliament reluctantly indorsed the Washington agreements. Britain has taken its decision, and, subject to the attitude of Congress, there can be no going back on it. But this perhaps is worth saying, to avoid misconceptions on your side of the Atlantic: the opposition to the loan was based, not on the fact that the interest was fixed at an "ungenerous" figure—the service of the loan need not be in itself an unduly heavy burden—but simply and solely on the loan's subsidiary conditions vetoing "discrimination" and "bilateral reciprocity" in foreign trade. It was not love for the commercial devices of Dr. Schacht but genuine inability to see how Britain can survive in a laisser faire "mutilateral" world dominated by the great and highly discriminatory customs unions of the United States and the Soviet Union that motivated the critics of the Washington pact. The question which is posed sharply to Labor M. P.'s is, what are we to do about it?

Everything depends on our ability to achieve a volume of exports 75 per cent greater than in 1938 before the American line of credit is exhausted. Unless we can reach that export target we shall be forced into so restricting imports and internal purchasing power as to make nonsense of full-employment policy. Can we reach it? Since we are no longer exporters of coal and will have little enough to spare in the way of other raw materials or foodstuffs, we shall be compelled practically to double our exports of manufactures,

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS
RESOLVED: THAT ONLY PERSONS COMPETENT TO RESOLVE CAN RESOLVE, ALL RESOLUTIONS TO BE DISCUSSED BY A CONFERENCE OF RESOLVERS BEFORE BEING RESOLVED BY A SPECIAL RESOLUTION.....HOORAY!
RESOLVED: THAT NO FOOD BE SPARED FOR GERMANS. SERVES 'EM RIGHT IF THEY GET AN EPIDEMIC THAT WIPES ME OUT
ANTI-BRITISH PRESS IN U.S.A.
RESOLVED: THAT IT BE CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD THAT IT WAS BRITAIN BOMBED PEARL HARBOUR
ART WATCHDOG
RESOLVED: THAT PICASSO BE FORCIBLY PAINTED BY MUNNINGS
RESOLVED: THAT THE WAY TO DEAL WITH THE ATOM BOMB IS NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT
RESOLVED: THAT ALL THIS PATRIOTISM AMONG THE INDONESIANS MUST BE PUT DOWN WITH A STRONG HAND
CRIME-WAVER
RESOLVED: THAT I WILL NOT EXCEED MY RATION, STEALING THE PANTS OFF ONLY 4 POLICEMEN DAILY

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1946

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

valued in 1938 at $1,460,000,000. What markets are there to absorb these increased shipments? Europe's purchases, except on extended credit terms—which we cannot afford to give—are likely to be smaller, not greater, than before the war, and in the Latin American and Far Eastern markets British goods will be up against formidable United States competition. It follows that the bulk of the necessary expansion of British exports must be achieved within the Empire and in trade with such "sterling-area" countries as Egypt, and this task will be made more difficult if imperial preference is to be reduced in exchange for tariff reductions elsewhere, whose result will obviously not be a specifically British gain.

Faced with this problem, many Labor M. P.'s are turning their minds to the possibility of increasing inter-Empire trade along lines of planned long-term, bulk-purchase contracts with prices settled for a number of years ahead. Admittedly the Washington agreements contain a formal ban on "reciprocal" trade bargains, but many persons here hold that this means simply a veto on imports with definite strings on them. There is nothing in the letter of the agreements to forbid two countries freely entering—with no compulsion exercised by either party—a mutual trade pact to buy from each other x tons of such and such goods at stated prices. Such a system would, of course, imply close state control—perhaps approaching a monopoly—of import-export transactions, but no Socialist would quarrel with that principle. Moreover, there is much to be said, from Britain's standpoint, in favor of agreements designating the *kind* of goods we want to exchange with the dominions and our other sterling creditors. If production within the Empire is to be reasonably "complementary"—as opposed to a competitive scramble between secondary industries here, there, and everywhere—and if there is to be orderly development of the backward colonies and Middle East countries, physical planning of Empire resources is just as logical and necessary as planned location of industries in Britain. That, at any rate, is a line of thought of which more is likely to be heard as the consequences of our entry into Bretton Woods are fully weighed.

Réveillon in Paris

BY IDA TREAT

An American writer who has lived in France for many years; author of "The Anchored Heart," the story of a Breton island under the Germans

Paris, January 4

IN A way we were all survivors. Even Jeanne's mother, home that day after five years' exile in a mountain village—a floor of beaten earth, water one hundred yards down the slope, and no one to chop wood for her. Eighty-two, and her joints swollen with rheumatism. "I have lost the habit of society," she said. There was André, back from six years' fighting on the sea; Pierre, on leave from the Rhineland after two years in the *maquis*, a Gestapo prison, and the campaigns of Alsace and the Danube. There was Charles, Jeanne's husband, whose prisons had all been in France; Jeanne, who had toiled in the underground month after month; our Martha, who was cooking the dinner. And there was the girl from Auschwitz.

For all of us it was our first *Réveillon* in Paris since 1939. Jeanne warned us, it would not be a feast. The chicken promised from the country had not arrived; the family meat ration would have to stretch for seven. There would be vegetable soup, a salad, and she had made an apple tart. And she was afraid dinner would be late—she had had to take her weekly page to the printer's and she had been late getting back.

We sat in a circle about the sawdust-burning stove—the furnace had not been lighted for five years. Two bottles of red wine stood warming beside it. Through the open door the heat filtered into the dining-room. Out in the hallway the thermometer stood at freezing, and in the kitchen by the gas stove—Jeanne had tied an apron over her fur coat—it was only a degree or so higher. Condensed steam ran in rivulets down the walls and gathered in pools on the tiled floor. Poor Jeanne, we said, and pulled our chairs closer to the fire.

"Go easy with that," Charles warned, as a Directoire armchair creaked and wobbled. "It's the last of three to survive the occupation. Those delicate old things haven't much resistance."

Someone remarked—apropos of "resistance"—that certain words had become so associated in our minds with one distinct theme that they sounded almost startling when used in any other connection. "Like 'collaboration.' Could you imagine asking anyone to 'collaborate'?"

Pierre said that reminded him of his amazement on reading a notice in a taxi in pre-war Berlin: "Don't open the windows without permission of the Führer." Even those of us who knew no German got that one. Mlle Kahn, the girl from Auschwitz, did not laugh; probably she hadn't listened. She looked up frowning. "It's like the word 'selection.'"

Nobody spoke for a moment. We had all heard of the grim "selections" in the death camps; we also knew what had happened to her parents and her sister.

Charles asked if she had received any news of her flat. What were the chances of her getting it back?

"Not very good. The man Vichy put there has four children. You can't put them into the street. And after all, what would I do with eight rooms?" It was her father's flat, she explained.

Even the *bergère* in which she sat looked much too big for her. She filled about one-third of it. Mlle Kahn was the only deportee I knew who had put on no weight to speak of since her return. I found myself looking at her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hands—delicate artist hands, almost transparent. Of the four women she was the only one to wear new clothes. Given the Paris prices, her knitted suit and fur-lined shoes must have cost a fortune.

She seemed suddenly conscious of our concerned faces. "I can't help thinking what all this would have meant a year ago—to be warm and clean and among friends. I'm afraid I should have put it in just that order."

"I couldn't have endured the filth," said Jeanne from the doorway. "The only time I was arrested, they wouldn't let me take anything with me, not even a handkerchief. They said I would be home by night; they only wanted to ask me a few questions. You can imagine what I looked like when they let me out—after nine weeks at Fresnes."

I asked Mlle Kahn how long she had been at Auschwitz.

"Two years."

"It must have been a grand moment when the Russians came," said Charles.

Mlle Kahn nodded. "They gave us what food they could—salt pork and flour—and they brought us water. The battle was all around us. Most of us were too far gone for enthusiasm."

Jeanne's mother woke out of a doze to ask abruptly, "Was it a Russian who broke your wrist?"

We stared, and Mlle Kahn said patiently, "No, that was a fellow-prisoner, a Pole. You see, I was dipping up snow to make drinking-water for the children, and he wanted the pail."

"Speaking of the prisoners," Pierre began. But Jeanne's mother spoke again. Either she had not caught the reply or she had lost interest. Smiling a little childishly, she looked from one face to the other and in the tone of a lady-in-her-salon asked: "Isn't anyone going to sing?"

Perhaps we needed that shock to sound the gulf separating this *Réveillon,* 1945, from the others. In other days Charles or a fellow-southerner would have given us a Gascon carol—a gay old thing, its Christmas theme embellished with allusions to forgotten controversies. Jeanne's mother or the soldier son would have replied with a carol from the Alsatian border, and Jeanne herself after much urging would have sung one of the old Protestant hymns of Franche Comté. It wasn't only the missing voices, or that the old intimacy was lacking, or that we all felt, unquestionably, older. The fact was there—after the years France and Europe had lived through, you didn't sing.

Disappointed in her hopes of music, the old lady dozed again by the fire while the talk surged on. Beyond a brief reference to the devalued franc and the return to the bread ration there was little talk of France. Or of personal problems in the immediate future, though they loomed big for most of us. Peace—the Moscow conference—America and Russia—world peace: it brought us back inevitably to the problem of Germany, the ghost that sits in permanence at every French hearth. How were we to lay that ghost?

Pierre, military governor of a small German city, said he wasn't over-optimistic. He felt convinced that the Russians too thought little could be done with the present generation of Germans, those from eighteen to fifty; that they based their policy on that belief and acted accordingly. "They don't waste their time sorting out the little sheep and goats. Every German today is an anti-Nazi if you take him at his word. I'm not sure the Russian method isn't the right one. On our side we back the church. *Alles für Deutschland; Deutschland für Christus.* There's still too much 'Deutschland' in all that, to my way of thinking. Over and over I tell them, 'You can't be a nation yet. You've got to learn all over, learn to live. Later on, we'll see.' "

"Still we have to count on someone. Who but the anti-Nazis?"

"Agreed," said Pierre. "I'm with you. We'll back the anti-Nazis. But here's a case in point—my chief of police. He offered all the guaranties: escaped from a K-L in '34; International Brigade in Spain; enlisted in the French army in '39; handed over to Nazis by Vichy. The right sort, indubitably the right sort. But from the day I made him chief of police, he changed. Changed overnight. A little authority, and there you were. The old Prussianism in all its glory. I had to replace him."

I asked the girl from Auschwitz, had she seen Martin-Chauffier's article about the behavior of German prisoners in the death camps? One heard so many stories. Were they as bad as all that?

"Some of them," she admitted. "Particularly the 'supervisors.' " A German fellow-prisoner, a woman, had heaved rocks at her when the stones she was lifting slipped from her numbed fingers. (A long red scar showed through the meshes of her stocking.) But another German woman had saved her twice from the "selections" and had risked her life to do so—she wasn't a Jewess either. "You mustn't generalize. The records of all the nations in camp were just as mixed."

She leaned forward in her chair, her long hands clasped about her knees.

"Isn't the problem bigger than just Germany? So often at night when the camp was still—snow outside on the frozen marshes, and the chimneys of the crematory sending up great flames among the stars—I used to think, if this can happen here, or anywhere on this globe, isn't it a sign that something is wrong with all of us? Perhaps with man himself? I—I used to despair," she added in a low voice.

"It's worth while pondering," said Charles. He glanced at his watch and switched on the radio. A thin treble of children's voices came over the air. *Il est né, le divin enfant. . . .*

Mlle Kahn hitched her chair nearer.

"The children," she whispered. "When I hear that, I think—you know, generally they didn't use gas. They forced us to undress them—they forced women to do that. And, afterward, to wheel the go-carts to the storehouse. One hundred women, pushing the empty baby-carriages. And we didn't refuse; we wanted to live. Isn't that enough to brand us?"

As the carol ended, we heard the bells over Paris. They roused Jeanne's mother. She smiled sleepily.

"Peace on earth."

"To men of good-will—if and where we find them," Pierre completed. "Which doesn't mean we won't keep our eyes open. What about it, Mlle Kahn?"

"I'm afraid I'm a poor one to judge," murmured the girl from Auschwitz. While Jeanne called from the dining-room: *"Minuit, Chrétiens!* And the soup's on the table."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Wall Street Fireworks

AFTER a short, minor post-Christmas recession the Stock Exchange appears to be gathering momentum for a bigger and better boom. On January 8, following news that steel prices would be raised, stocks resumed their upward trend in "a broad and buoyant" manner, as the financial reporters put it, despite the fact that business was handicapped by the Western Union strike. The next morning my Wall Street watchdog phoned to say that the market was "terrific," with buying orders pouring in for every kind of stock.

It is now nearly four years since the present bull market started. The turn came in April, 1942, and while there have been a number of reactions since then, the "averages" have always taken two upward steps on the chart for each downward one. The last sizable setback was in the summer of 1945, after which the forward movement became increasingly vigorous. In fact, more than 40 per cent of the rise in the Dow-Jones industrial average since April, 1942, has occurred in the past six months. The volume of business on the New York Stock Exchange last year was the greatest since 1937, and the Curb Exchange had its biggest year since 1930. For the first time since the depression the public is taking a big hand in stock speculation. Market tips are once more being widely circulated; Wall Street gossip is again a dinner-table topic.

While all this profitable activity is so much sunshine to Wall Street brokers and bankers, the men in Washington who are trying to hold the lid on inflation regard it with grim displeasure. They would like to curb the stock boom before it gets out of hand, but it is a little difficult to see what they can do about it. The Federal Reserve Board exercises authority over credit facilities for stock trading, and last summer it ordered the raising of margin requirement to 75 per cent. In other words, a man who wants to buy $10,000 worth of securities must put up at least $7,500 cash. This is a far cry from the 15 and 20 per cent margins which were available prior to the 1929 crash and effectively cuts out shoestring speculation. Moreover, this safeguard has been reinforced by New York Stock Exchange rules which prohibit any margin trading in stocks selling under $10 and require any account under $1,000 to be on a cash basis.

Such measures, however, have in no wise checked the exuberance of the stock market, for today's speculators have an abundance of ready money to back their fancies. In fact, the current steep margin requirements have increased the solidity of the market and serve in some ways to minimize the violence of reactions rather than to discourage buying. In the old days a spell of selling was likely to uncover a number of thinly margined positions and thus lead to further weakness. Today stocks are abundantly cushioned against the shocks of margin calls.

It is doubtful, therefore, whether even the total prohibition of margin trading would do much to slow down the current boom. A more drastic proposal, which has been aired in Washington from time to time, is a steep increase in the tax on capital profits. At present profits on securities held for less than six months are taxed as ordinary income, but those obtained after longer periods are subject to a maximum levy of 25 per cent—a concession which has been an immense boon to security traders. It has been suggested that a longer holding period might be required before security profits qualified for the lower rate, or that a much steeper rate might be applied. Congressional opinion, however, is not thought to be very receptive to such ideas. In addition, it is by no means certain that increased taxes, unless absolutely punitive, would serve to reduce the upward pressure on security prices. They might tend to make the market more of a one-way street than ever by encouraging people to postpone sales in the hope of an eventual revision of the levy.

Even if the present boom in stocks could be damped down, the results might well prove disappointing from the point of view of reducing inflationary pressure. For the boom is much more a symptom than a cause of inflation. Some security buyers believe that a period of unprecedented profits is ahead as the public gets an opportunity to exercise its pent-up purchasing power; others fear that a rising price level will reduce the real value of their bank accounts and bond-holdings, and they seek equities as a hedge. In so far as investment in stocks diverts funds from current consumption of goods, it is an anti-inflationary factor. When it results in the transfer of idle bank balances from buyers to sellers, its effect is neutral. What could make the boom acquire inflationary force in its own right would be the large-scale transfer of money invested in war bonds to the stock market. For if the encashment of bonds should exceed new purchases, the Treasury would probably be forced to increase its bank borrowings and thus add to the total volume of liquid funds in the country.

There is no definite evidence at this time of any such switching from savings bonds to stocks, though encashments of bonds have increased sharply since V-J Day. But there is undeniably danger of a development in this direction if blazing security markets continue. The increased interest of small-time speculators in stocks has been shown by the popularity of the "cats and dogs"—the low-priced issues of doubtful value—on the New York exchanges and of the "penny" mining stocks in such centers as Salt Lake City. SEC officials have publicly deplored gambling of this sort, and Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange, was recently quoted as saying: "People who are unable to judge values or have a competent adviser judge for them have no business buying securities. Those who scorn factual information and who conduct their operations on the basis of tips, rumors, hunches, and impulses are misusing our facilities." But solemn lectures of this kind are apt to be buried in small type and overlooked. If the Stock Exchange really wishes to discourage the market dabblers it should publish such warnings as advertisements and see they are given at least as much prominence on the financial pages as the offers of tipster sheets which are again becoming so plentiful.

KEITH HUTCHISON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The People's Front

COUNT CIANO'S story of the war makers, just published in the United States,* reveals the dry rot that infected the fascist era. The most familiar actor of this drama, which covers the years from 1939 to 1943, is the author himself; his self-portrait, as it emerges from these pages of political commentary, adds little to earlier pictures of the man. Here is the well-known play boy of international diplomacy, intelligent, unscrupulous, adroit. He would have made an amusing ambassador in another time, but to the world's misfortune he was called to serve as Foreign Minister through the most decisive period of Italian history.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the Ciano diary is the utter cynicism with which it exposes the back-stage life of a decadent regime that once had its admirers even in the democratic countries. As might have been expected, King Victor Emmanuel cuts a pitiful figure. Those who are intriguing in Italy and abroad to save the House of Savoy may find here and there a chance remark that helps their cause. But taken as a whole, Ciano's descriptions of the King and his heir, the Prince of Piedmont, establish beyond doubt that this was a corrupt dynasty in the service of fascism. The King's widely heralded opposition to Mussolini is reduced to polite drawing-room disapproval. When he disagrees with the Duce it is never on major questions; he fights bravely for the title of Supreme Commander or haggles over the privilege of reviewing the divisions returning from the front. His opposition to the war is equally feeble. Victor Emmanuel is a pacifist—when the war goes badly. But at the slightest sign of improvement on the battlefront, he puffs out his diminutive chest again and assumes a warrior's stance. While His Majesty is strongly anti-Hitler, it is envy rather than ideological differences which motivates his hatred of "those ugly Germans." What he resents most is being obliged to add the precious Collar of the Annunziata to Göring's hoard of decorations. The Nazi Air Marshal is a particular source of irritation to the King—why, on his visits to Rome this fat, vulgar plebeian has boasted of a jewel collection surpassing that of the House of Savoy!

Above all, let no one accuse the King of playing favorites; he is impartially disloyal to the Duce, the generals, and the Italian people. A single idea obsesses him: to retain the few prerogatives which fascism, in order to create a good impression abroad, has left to the Crown.

The Duce appears in almost every entry of the diary. As a member of the family, Ciano offers the reader a glimpse into the private life of the Italian dictator with references to escapades at Cammillucia (the residence of his mistress, Clara Petacci), his stomach ulcer, aggravated by the reverses in Libya, and his unconcealed contempt for the King. "After the war is over," Mussolini confided to Ciano, "I shall tell Hitler to do away with all of these absurd anachronisms in the form of monarchies."

Though Ciano speaks of the Duce with respect and affection, he unwittingly reveals the instability and vacillation that marked the dictator's character. As early as September 24, 1939—three weeks after the war started—Mussolini is already revising his first optimistic judgments of German strength. As the Red Army moves into eastern Poland, he begins to feel that "Hitler is bottled up" and to anticipate the possibility of Russia's eventual entrance into the war. It is the old Socialist of 1911 who comes to the fore now, accurately assessing the fighting spirit of the Red Army and the revolutionary ardor of the Russian people. But eight months later Mussolini, carried away by the news from Norway, emphatically reaffirms his conviction that Germany will win. His impatience to get into the war deepens with each Nazi success in the West; by May 13, 1940, he is proclaiming, "We Italians are already sufficiently dishonored. Any delay is inconceivable."

In the three years that followed, Ciano faithfully recorded the ups and downs of Italy's fortunes. The last real entry in the diary is dated February 8, 1943, the day on which he relinquished the reins of the Foreign Office to become ambassador to the Holy See. Thus we are deprived of a first-hand account of Mussolini's reactions in the last critical months before defeat and, even more important, of the Vatican's role in the war. But there is enough here to indicate the Duce's hysterical nature. One day he sees himself as Napoleon atop the Pyramids of Egypt announcing the downfall of the British Empire. A few days later he is depressed and infuriated by the failures in Libya. At times like these he invariably vents his wrath on the generals, on Graziani, "who has always been seventy feet underground in a Roman tomb at Cyrene while Rommel knows how to lead his troops with the personal example of the general who lives in his tank." On May 9, 1942, he pins his only hope on Rommel, "who will arrive at the Delta unless he is stopped, not by the British, but by our own generals."

The first section of the diary, "Memoriale di gabinetto per l'anno 1939," sheds new light on Italy's participation in the Spanish war. On January 4 Ciano writes, "In Spain we are going ahead at full speed. Gambara has executed a very brilliant maneuver, attacking the Reds on their flanks and producing a very serious crisis." The following day he observes, "The only danger in sight is a possible mass intervention of the French coming through the Pyrenees." (Actually the French did not need to cross the Pyrenees; they had only to lend the Spanish government the 150,000 rifles, 3,000 machine-guns, and two batteries of light artillery for which I pleaded in vain with Daladier.) By January 12 Ciano is reassured—no danger of intervention in Spain by the Western powers. He has just conferred with Lord Halifax in the Palazzo Chigi: "I repeated to him," says Ciano, "our point of view and he gave his. But he does not seem to be very convinced, and at heart I think he would be happy if Franco's victory were to settle the question."

DEL VAYO

* "The Ciano Diaries, 1939-1943." Doubleday and Company. $4.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

A YOUNG BRITISH OFFICER who spent three and a half years in a Japanese prison camp recently wrote to the editor of the London *Spectator* asking for a list of the more important books published during his exile, particularly those concerned with the humanities. Harold Nicolson answered the query in his weekly page, Marginal Comment, and I had just read his small catalogue with interest—lists of books are always fascinating—when a similar inquiry was put to me by a young American officer just returned from the wars, though not, fortunately, from a prison camp. There must be many others who are wondering which books, of the thousands published since they went away, are worth their attention. Using *The Nation's* annual book list as a base to work from, I have made a small selection. Like Mr. Nicolson's it is limited to the humanities—after all, there's a war off.

Some of my categories are a bit arbitrary—categories always are. And in these days there is so much overlapping of the various approaches—literary, social, anthropological, and so on—in single books that the problem becomes insoluble anyway.

LITERARY CRITICISM, BIOGRAPHY

"Samuel Johnson," by Joseph Wood Krutch.
"E. M. Forster," by Lionel Trilling.
"Henry James: The Major Phase," by F. O. Matthiessen.
"The Question of Henry James," Edited by F. W. Dupee.
"The Trollopes," by Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins.
"W. B. Yeats," by Joseph Hone.
"The Aesthetic Adventure," by William Gaunt.

"On Native Grounds," by Alfred Kazin, is a useful work in that it brings together a great deal of information about American literature since 1890, but the book is far too long and the writing arouses, and frustrates, all one's editorial instincts—so many sentences fray at the ends like unwhipped ropes.

CULTURAL CRITICISM

"Mythology," by Edith Hamilton.
"The Roots of American Culture and Other Essays," by Constance Rourke.
"Democracy in America," by Alexis de Tocqueville.
"The American Language. Supplement I," by H. L. Mencken.

I include De Tocqueville because his analysis of democratic culture seems to me as relevant today as it could ever have been (I shall discuss it at length one of these days). Perhaps Mencken's Supplement does not belong in this category, but it is difficult to place. "The Psychological Frontiers of Society" by Abram Kardiner and associates should be mentioned here for the benefit of those whose "faculty of attention" is well developed and who can understand the technical language of psychology and anthropology.

ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, EDUCATION

"The Nature and Destiny of Man, II," by Reinhold Niebuhr.
"The History of Western Philosophy," by Bertrand Russell.
"The Hero in History," by Sidney Hook.
"The Teacher in America," by Jacques Barzun.
"Everybody's Political What's What," by Bernard Shaw.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL TESTAMENTS

"The Unquiet Grave," by Cyril Connolly.
"Black Boy," by Richard Wright.
"Heathen Days, 1890-1936," by H. L. Mencken.
"Persons and Places: The Background of My Life," by George Santayana.
"Sunday After the War," by Henry Miller.

BIOGRAPHY

"Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus," by Samuel Eliot Morison.
"William the Silent," by C. V. Wedgwood.
"No Man Knows My History: The Life of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet," by Fawn M. Brodie.

HISTORY

"The Year of Decision: 1846," by Bernard De Voto.
"The Age of Jackson," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
"Saints and Strangers," by George F. Willison.
"Angel in the Forest," by Marguerite Young.
"The French Revolution," by J. M. Thompson.

"The Age of Jackson" could just as well be listed under Cultural Criticism, since Mr. Schlesinger discusses all the aspects of the Jacksonian era. "Angel in the Forest" is a combination of history and belles-lettres.

Arthur Koestler's "The Yogi and the Commissar" belongs on the list but fits into none of my categories. Likewise "The Crack-up," edited by Edmund Wilson, which contains uncollected pieces, letters, and notebooks of Scott Fitzgerald, as well as commentaries on his life and work by others.

I'd suggest three books in the musical field—"Music for the Man Who Enjoys 'Hamlet'," by B. H. Haggin; "The Musical Scene," by Virgil Thomson; and Tovey's "Musical Articles from the Encyclopedia Britannica."

The novels that seem worth a backward glance are very few despite all the stories that have been told these past four years, and the best book on the list is "The Bostonians," by Henry James, which I include because it is in print again for the first time since 1886.

FICTION

"The Seed Beneath the Snow," by Ignazio Silone.
"Home Is the Hunter," by Gontran de Poncins.
"Arrival and Departure," by Arthur Koestler.
"At Heaven's Gate," by Robert Penn Warren.
"The Leaning Tower and Other Stories," by Katherine Anne Porter.
"The Hunted," by Albert J. Guerard.
"Prater Violet," by Christopher Isherwood.
"The Bostonians," by Henry James.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Against seven novels, put at least twenty books of poems worth keeping. It is extraordinary—but it confirms a private theory of mine that the quality of poetry remains high, as compared to that of fiction, partly at least because the poet is less subject to corruption than the writer of fiction. He is not distracted by the hope of writing a best-seller or of getting a movie contract. And while he remains obscure (sometimes in a double sense) he also remains pure.

POETRY

"Blood for a Stranger," by Randall Jarrell.
"Awake! and Other Wartime Poems," by W. R. Rodgers.
"Ruins and Visions," by Stephen Spender.
"Parts of a World," by Wallace Stevens.
"Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction," by Wallace Stevens.
"Le Crève-Cœur," by Louis Aragon.
"Sacred and Secular Elegies," by George Barker.
"Four Quartets," by T. S. Eliot.
"Person, Place, and Thing," by Karl Shapiro.
"1 x 1," by E. E. Cummings.
"The Summer Landscape," by Rolfe Humphries.
"Land of Unlikeness," by Robert Lowell.
"Nevertheless," by Marianne Moore.
"V-Letter and Other Poems," by Karl Shapiro.
"Selected Poems, 1923-1943," by Robert Penn Warren.
"The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden."
"Little Friend, Little Friend," by Randall Jarrell.
"Short Is the Time. Poems, 1936-1943," by C. Day Lewis.
"Springboard, 1941-1944," by Louis MacNeice.
"Selected Poems," by John Crowe Ransom.

Oh, My Name It Is Sam Hall

Three prisoners—the biggest black—
And their one guard stand
By the new bridge over the drainage ditch.
They listen once more to the band

Whose marches crackle each day at this hour
From the speakers of the post.
The planes drone over; the clouds of summer
Blow by and are lost

In the air that they and the crews have conquered.
But the prisoners still stand
Listening a little after the marches.
Then they trudge through the sand

To the straggling grass, and the castor bushes,
And the whitewashed rocks
That stand to them for an army and Order
(Though their sticks and sacks

And burned slack faces and ambling walk—
The guard's gleaming yawn—
Are as different as if the four were fighting
A war of their own).

They graze a while for scraps; one is whistling.
When the guard begins
Sam Hall in his slow mountain voice
They all stop and grin.

RANDALL JARRELL

Science and the State

SCIENCE AND THE PLANNED STATE. By John R. Baker. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IN ENGLAND more than in this country state planning of scientific research has received vigorous support from several men who can wield the pen as powerfully as they can prosecute experiments. Bernal, Levy, Haldane, and Crowther want to adopt *in toto* the methods devised by the Soviets. Dr. Baker, a member of the Zoology Department at Oxford, takes issue with these men. To him totalitarianism, whether of the German or the Russian variety, is precisely the form of government that is least in accord with scientific principles, "for scientists accept the authority of no one and recognize the necessity of liberty."

As Sir Roger would put it, there is much on both sides of the fence. Fundamental discoveries, made by men of genius, usually require for their attainment complete freedom for the individual—freedom of thought and freedom of action. It is hardly conceivable that the Curies would have discovered radioactivity or that Fleming would have stumbled on penicillin had they been soldiers in a regiment of scientific workers under orders from a colonel with political affiliations. And granted even that a favored few might be given a modicum of freedom of action and of thought in a totalitarian state, would a geneticist such as Morgan last long if he announced that his studies proved that heredity in its influence upon the individual was more powerful than environment?

However, when we leave fundamental discoveries and turn our attention to what might be called the "application" of these discoveries, then organized research is to be favored. For here the problem is to improve, to expand, and to apply some one discovery. Here talents of the second and third orders are usually sufficient. For what is needed is systematic investigation, usually on a large scale, of some phenomena already observed and described.

The development of the atomic bomb is an admirable illustration of this point. When the American government undertook to exploit atomic energy, it was only after the basic discoveries had been made. For some of us it was rather sad to contemplate that only a crisis in war could have made such work possible.

Fleming's discovery of penicillin, followed by large-scale production, would have been another admirable illustration but for the fact that here the government did not undertake to manufacture the substance but "sublet" to pharmaceutical houses. Incidentally, the manufacturers made—and are making—millions, while the three men primarily responsible for the basic discovery made $30,000 among them—the present value of a Nobel prize. This is not necessarily an argument for more money for the Nobel prize-winners, but it is an argument in favor of more rigid government control so that sufferers can get penicillin at the least possible cost.

In totalitarian countries government supervision of scientific work sometimes—though not always, as Dr. Baker seems to think—leads to disaster. The outcome depends upon the kind of problem. If an atomic bomb or a penicillin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is involved, the Russian government can do a magnificent job, provided that the necessary men and the material are available. On the other hand, if the task is one which impinges upon Soviet philosophy, the result may be tragic. Dr. Baker, for example, refers to the case of Lysenka, a Russian biologist who was for a time at least favored by a powerful group of Soviet officials because he had declared that he did not consider "formal Mendelian-Morganist genetics as a science." Dr. Baker also points out that in the Soviets' five-year plan for science Item 7 reads: "The provision of the historical and social theory for combating the ideas of capitalism . . ."; here instructions are given not only as to what shall be investigated, an excellent idea in principle for competent workers rather than for men of genius, but as to *what the results shall be*—which is precisely the antithesis of everything the scientist holds dear.

However, in this field of political theory, not ordinarily included under the heading of "science," the United States and England and other democratic countries are guilty too. It is true that we have no such government plans, but we do have programs adopted by powerful political groups—such as chambers of commerce—which are as intent on disproving the value of communism as the Soviets are on disproving the value of capitalism. In both cases we see an excellent example of emotions at work; and in both a complete absence of the scientific approach.

BENJAMIN HARROW

BRIEFER COMMENT

Wanted: A Literary Consciousness

THE SECOND VOLUME of "Cross-Section" (L. B. Fischer, $3.50) is so poor, so much poorer even than the first, that the editor must be in part responsible. Edwin Seaver has in the past produced fiction and criticism superior by far to much that he has collected here; it is possible after some fifteen years to remember a brief review by him of a book by William Faulkner. Thus if the fault is chiefly with the editor, the reason must be that he has been involved in the same degeneration of literary values as his authors. Fifteen years of depression and war have brought about an insensitivity to literary values which could have been avoided only if strong literary traditions existed in America as they do in France; for it is certainly not clear that fifteen years of prosperity and peace would have produced a renascence. But to blame the social process is also too general, when it is obvious that Mr. Seaver's selections are often determined by what was once known as social realism and should have been known as doctrinaire realism. In the editor's introduction and in many of the stories the working principle is that the subject matter is important, hence the work is important. It is enough to write about social injustice, to be concerned with "the staggering inhumanity humanity is capable of," Mr. Seaver's staggering phrase. And this doctrine, a perennial pitfall for literary effort, is all the more pernicious because it is close to the truth that all literature must base itself on the real world, whether through fantasy, like Swift and Kafka, or through observation, like

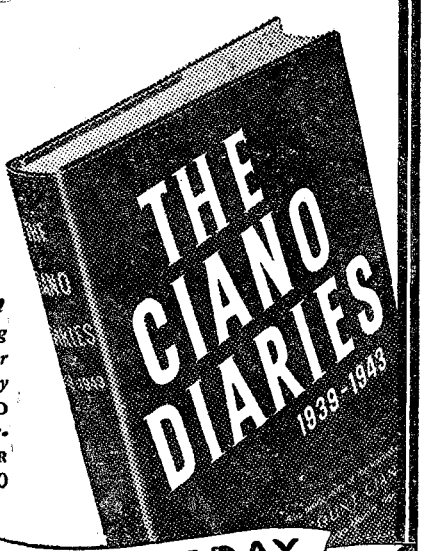
Only the complete and unabridged

CIANO DIARIES

fills the gaps in your background knowledge of the war started to exterminate your way of life

SUMNER WELLES says:

"To some who have read mutilated passages previously syndicated the Diaries have proved a disappointment because of their lack of those sensational revelations which they had apparently anticipated. But those who will read them in the complete text . . . will find a hitherto unrevealed picture . . ."



616 pages, ten times as long as any newspaper abridgement. By COUNT GALEAZZO CIANO. Introduction by SUMNER WELLES. $4.00

At your bookseller's DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Balzac and Proust. To condemn a collection like this is to say, in the end, that these authors do not realize any of the many possibilities made manifest by other literary works: it is pointless to read most of these stories when one might read Chekhov or Katherine Anne Porter; and with the exception of Millen Brand and Jane Mayhall the poets here hardly seem to be practicing the same art as Robert Frost and Wallace Stevens. There is a good deal of talent in America, and some of Mr. Seaver's authors show real ability. The talent and the ability would not be frustrated and confused if there existed a genuine literary consciousness, a consciousness which can only be created and sustained by an active body of critics who know what literature can be because they know what literature has been.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Life at Wide Ruins

IN "SPIN A SILVER DOLLAR" (Viking, $3.75) Alberta Hannum has written a book about a great many individuals and two distinct ways of life, made harmonious and mutually enriching by good-will, good humor, and intelligence. It is partly the story of Sallie and Bill Lippincott, who had the sense to recognize their "native land" in the Arizona desert and the enterprise to make it their home until the war uprooted them. How they acquired the run-down Indian trading post at Wide Ruins and how they created a successful business and a life of comfort for themselves provide the framework for the book. But its essential value lies in the picture of the Navaho Indians—their pride and dignity and wisdom, their perversities and their wiles, all the inconsistencies and weaknesses and nobilities that make them human and enduring. The Lippincotts had the insight and sympathy that enabled them to see the Navaho way of life as valid and reasonable for Navahos, and, in fundamental matters, not inferior to the life of the white man. That they could convince the Indians of this sincere respect and thus win their trust, without conceding a single principle or custom that was important to them as whites, is a tribute to both the Lippincotts and the Navahos.

Binding together the incidents of life at Wide Ruins is the story of Jimmy, young son of the Lippincotts' handy man. Bill and Sallie found Jimmy scratching pictures on the side of a rock and thereafter kept him supplied with drawing materials and a quiet working corner in their home. Jimmy rarely spoke to them, but regularly left his drawings on the kitchen table when no one was looking. The color reproductions of Jimmy's work that illustrate the book leave no doubt that he already ranks among the most notable of the contemporary Indian painters. And if the illustrations lack some of the luminosity of color that marks much of Jimmy's original work, they are nevertheless a publishing triumph in a day of undependable inks and paper. Here are the characteristic elements of the best Navaho painting—the fine, delicate line, the subtly soft yet vivid color, the sparing, suggestive use of a single plant or falling leaf, the endowment of each stylized animal with a personality of its own. Although the Lippincotts wisely insisted that Jimmy be allowed to develop in accordance with his tradition, some of the paintings reveal an alien use of modeling and perspective.

Alberta Hannum has told the story of Wide Ruins with humor and a light touch which in no way obscure the fact that she, like the Lippincotts, has an eye for the special beauties of the Southwestern desert and a deep appreciation of the greatness of the Navahos.

JANET ROSENWALD

Flash! **1.** Genuine book value: THE GRAVE-DIGGERS OF FRANCE, by *Pertinax*, original $6.00 D. Doran edition—send only $1.50.

2. *Bonus Book*: With each purchase of the two-volume Complete Writings of Thomas Paine by Foner for $6.00 (2236 pp.) we will send free of charge your choice of H. Fast's *Freedom Road* or Freud's *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*. The 2nd Volume of Foner's Work is $3.50.

3. *Book Service*: We mail everywhere the books reviewed and advertised here and elsewhere. Downtown Book Bazaar, 212 Broadway, New York City 7.

When Labor Bargains

AS A POPULAR EXPOSITION of the problems of labor relations "Trends in Collective Bargaining" by S. T. Williamson and Herbert Harris (Twentieth Century Fund, $2) ranks very high. Fourteen chapters are devoted to an examination of the "processes, problems, and issues of collective bargaining." There follows the report by a special committee appointed by the Twentieth Century Fund. Both sections deserve close study by all who desire to understand one of the more knotty problems of our time. Collective bargaining exists when workers "or their representatives negotiate and adjust conditions of their employment with one or more employers." Quickly sketching recent developments, the authors examine the making and contents of collective agreements and the problems that frequently arise in the administration of union contracts. Difficulties that may appear during negotiations or during the term of the contract are recognized, but the authors assume that reasonable men can resolve them. This is perhaps a bit over-optimistic, since leaders in labor and in industry are not altogether objective thinking machines, and, moreover, are frequently subjected to outside pressures which may force upon them attitudes they do not hold.

The Report and Recommendations of the Labor Committee contains many useful observations, though its discussion of the "economics of collective bargaining" is not very revealing. It is true that American labor is not anti-capitalistic, but it has not defined a fair profit. The committee indorses summoning forth "the utmost use of our resources" but does not say much about the means of doing it.

The indorsement of industry-wide collective bargaining draws a dissent from one member of the committee. It seems to the reviewer that his objections are valid. If the economy can be paralyzed by successive stoppages in strategic industries, some answer to these serious disruptions will be imperative. The emphasis of the report is on voluntary settlement and a minimum of government intervention. The committee recognizes a danger in the rise of powerful labor barons, but the members do not agree on remedies.

While intended as a popular study, this volume will be useful to both the layman and specialist.

PHILIP TAFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONEY-SAVING MAGAZINE COMBINATIONS

For Your Convenience

THE *Nation*

☐ *with* Harpers Magazine $6.50
You save $2.50

☐ *with* Consumers Union $7.00
You save $1.50

☐ *with* Harpers Magazine and Consumers Union $9.00
You save $3.50

☐ *with* Free World. $7.50
You save $1.50

☐ *with* Saturday Review $8.50
You save $1.50

All club combinations listed are for one year, and may be mailed to different individuals and addresses. Canadian and foreign postage extra.

THE NATION *by itself:*

☐ One Year $5 ☐ Two Years $8 ☐ Three Years $11 ☐ Servicemen's Rate $3 a Year

Canadian and Foreign Postage $1 a year extra

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

To Subscribers:

Nation subscribers should give us at least three weeks' notice of a change of address, indicating the old as well as the new address.

Please cooperate by renewing your current subscription on receipt of the first notice of expiration.

To Newsstand Readers:

The only certain way of getting *The Nation* regularly is to enter a subscription. By doing so you will not only insure prompt receipt of your copy, but you will make a considerable saving in money over the newsstand price.

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

I want to subscribe to *The Nation,* or the following *Nation* magazine combinations as listed below:

_____

_____

_____

☐ Remittance enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

1-19-46

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One Flash

I CAN SEE NO REASON why a *Nation* subscriber should read "The House of Europe" by Paul Scott Mowrer (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75). It is a bad instance of that pathetic fallacy which leads many foreign correspondents to suppose that the factual record of their lives has a vital interest for others.

Not until page 328 does Mr. Mowrer finish with the First World War, about which he has nothing new to say, and no very significant or suggestive opinions. Nor has his account of "Balkanized Europe" anything original about it; so that by the time one reaches those pages in which the author sums up his own conclusions about the world, one is not in the mood to listen to his defense of the balance-of-power principle. With eleven chapters of exception, the whole of this long book, which closes with the year 1934, can be ignored by both the student of foreign policy and the man who takes pleasure in a "good reading book." Part Six, however, Moroccan Interlude, gave me a real pleasure that did not derive solely from an old interest in North Africa. In these chapters Mr. Mowrer has done well with his visit to Abd-el-Krim at the time of the Riff wars. There is one superb moment. "Who planned the Riffian victory at Annual?" the author asked. "God planned it; but I was present," Abd-el-Krim replied. That flash, fairly well supported by the narrative, made the effort of reading this interminable book worth while.

RALPH BATES

MOTION PICTURES

Manhattan
ALHAMBRA
COLISEUM
81st ST.
86th ST.
58th ST. near Lex.
HAMILTON
125th ST.
REGENT
RIVERSIDE
23rd ST.
Bronx
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
FORDHAM
FRANKLIN
MARBLE HILL
PELHAM
ROYAL
Westchester
MT. VERNON
NEW ROCH.
WH. PLAINS
YONKERS

RKO NOW

"An Absorbing Screen Drama"—N. Y. Post

MERLE OBERON • CLAUDE RAINS • CHARLES KORVIN

'THIS LOVE OF OURS'

Based on LUIGI PIRANDELLO'S Play

—AND—

'PURSUIT TO ALGIERS' BASIL RATHBONE NIGEL BRUCE

Brooklyn
BUSHWICK
DYKER
GREENPOINT
KENMORE
MADISON
ORPHEUM
PROSPECT
REPUBLIC
TILYOU Coney Island
Queens
Keith's FLUSHING
Keith's RICH. HILL
STRAND Far Rockaway
Manhattan
COLONIAL

"Distinguished and Dramatic Biography"—N. Y. Sun

'RHAPSODY IN BLUE'

The Jubilant Story of
GEORGE GERSHWIN

—EXTRA FEATURETTE—

FRANK SINATRA
"The House I Live In"

"One Picture has truly, deeply caught the tempo of our times!"

A WALK IN THE SUN

A Lewis Milestone Production

Starring
DANA ANDREWS
with
RICHARD CONTE

20th CENTURY-FOX

Now Playing VICTORIA B'way at 46th St.

Doors Open 8:30 A. M.

B. G. DeSylva presents
BETTY HUTTON in
"THE STORK CLUB"
— with —
BARRY FITZGERALD
DON DE FORE
Robert Benchley • Bill Goodwin
Iris Adrian • Mikhail Rasumny
Mary Young
and introducing ANDY RUSSELL
Midnight Feature Nightly

In Person
WOODY HERMAN
and his ORCHESTRA
— featuring —
FRANCES WAYNE
— plus —
DOROTHY KELLER
Extra added attraction
BUDDY LESTER
Don Baker at the Organ

NOW PLAYING PARAMOUNT TIMES SQUARE

STAGE PLAYS

MICHAEL TODD Presents
MAURICE EVANS
In His New Production of Shakespeare's
HAMLET
Columbus Circle Thea. B'way at 59th St.—CO. 5-1173
Eves. 8:30. Mts. Thu.& Sat. 2:30

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEATRE B'way at 53rd St. Mats.: Sat. & Sun. Evs. incl. Sun. 2:30 & 8:30

"DESERVES ITS GREAT SUCCESS!"—Nichols, Times
Rodgers and Hammerstein present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' "Mama's Bank Account"
with JOHN TETZEL • ADRIENNE GESSNER • RICHARD BISHOP
MUSIC BOX 45th Street, West of Broadway. Phone Circle 6-4636.
Eves. 8:35 Sharp. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:35 Sharp.

Kermit Bloomgarden & George Heller present
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
A New Play by ARNAUD d'USSEAU and JAMES GOW
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
FULTON THEATRE Forty-sixth Street West of Broadway. Circle 6-6380.
Evenings: 8:40, $4.20, $3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Tax inclusive.

"A VERY BIG HIT!"—Walter Winchell
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
SHOW BOAT
Music by JEROME KERN. Books and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd.
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER • Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th Street and Sixth Avenue. CI. 5-5200
Evs. 8:30 Sharp. Mts. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ONE of the characters in "Dunnigan's Daughter," S. N. Behrman's new play at the Golden, is a Mexican painter of peasant origin who seems intended to represent either the complexity of the simple or the simplicity of the complex. He wanders persistently about the stage, but nothing ever happens to him, and so, I suppose, his function is that of raisonneur. In any event he makes, not long before the final curtain, a casual entrance for the purpose of remarking more or less to himself that most of the evil in the world is the work of frustrated people and that there is probably more truth in Freud than there is in Marx.

Luther Adler, who plays the role in question, drops these two obiter dicta with an air of embarrassed distaste which may indicate merely that he finds it difficult to make them sound probable as part of anybody's conversation or, possibly, that he wishes as far as possible to dissociate himself from the judgments. I, however, picked them up carefully and took them home in the hope that if I examined them in connection with the play I might later be able to explain to my readers what I was not, at the moment, understanding very well. Unfortunately I am now compelled to report, after several days of meditation, that "Dunnigan's Daughter" still seems to me very feeble and very confused as an illustration of either the thesis announced above or of any other thesis I can think of. Since the days when "The Second Man" first introduced a new comic writer, Mr. Behrman's plays have seldom failed to delight me. At the very least it seemed safe to assume that he would never be either pretentious or dull. "Dunnigan's Daughter," I fear, is both.

The story concerns a ruthless strong man engaged at the moment in stealing water from starving Mexican farmers in order to use it in one of his mining operations. A young idealist from our own State Department is on his trail, and, rather surprisingly, the only really dramatic scenes are those in which, briefly and in no very original way, the issue is drawn between the philosophy of the robber baron and that of the social-minded liberal. Mr. Behrman chooses, however, to keep the purely economic and social aspects of the conflict pretty well in the background and to focus his attention upon the strong man's wife and upon his daughter by a former marriage, both of whom have been hypnotized by the strength of his personality. The wife, a woman of humble origins, is now something of a bird in a gilded cage, and the daughter, because she has been dominated by her father, is in the incipient stage of nymphomania. Fortunately the young idealist falls in love with the daughter and stays there just long enough to free her from her obsession before proceeding to the mother, who as the last curtain falls has eloped with him, thus assuring not only her own happiness but also the psychological defeat of the tycoon.

Quite possibly this story might be told in some convincing and interesting way. It is, however, certainly not an easy one, and I suspect that I have made it clearer than Mr. Behrman ever does. As he unfolds it the motives are not any too distinct and the issues never seem very important. None of the characters are very real, and most of the psychological conflicts seem like exhibitions of shadow-boxing desperately prolongued until 10:50. What it all comes down to is a great deal of attitudinizing and a great deal of very fancy talk about inner freedom, self-realization, etc., which goes round and round without ever seeming to come out anywhere. Wiser casting might have helped some, for Dennis King—who seems to lisp—is no more convincing as a captain of industry than Luther Adler is as a Mexican, and June Havoc is more suited to hoydenish roles than to play the part of even a not quite genuine grande dame. But I doubt whether the best acting in the world could make the wordy self-examinations of these characters very real.

It may be that "The Second Man," which was the most debonair and worldly of Mr. Behrman's plays, was also his best, but I am one of those who think that in some of the later pieces he solved very successfully the difficult problem of writing comedy which acknowledged the existence of problems so desperate that in the face of them the comic spirit is helpless. In "Dunnigan's Daughter," however, the element of comedy has almost completely disappeared, and the psychological analysis which is intended to replace it fails to convince one of either its reality or its importance. The spiritual problems of the heroine are chic and becoming. They are as well suited to her personality as the clothes she wears and the house she lives in. But I found it difficult to believe them worthy of much deeper interest. This, I kept saying to myself, is evidently the way the well-dressed woman will fret in 1946.

Films

JAMES AGEE

Best of 1945

ON TWO previous occasions I have conducted something of an open wake, here, over the best films of the year just ended. I see no point in going through with it again. The past year was distinguished by two extremely fine pictures, which I expect to hear respectfully mentioned twenty years from now, if anyone is at that time free to express an honest opinion, or alive to express any opinion at all. Aside from these two pictures I see nothing to get particularly hopeful about—or any more despondent about than usual, for that matter.

Major John Huston's "San Pietro" was the finest of the several movies made during the course of the war which have proved what men of talent, skill, and courage can do if even one hand is untied from behind their backs. It is worth remembering, however, that this film was released to the civilian public something like a year late, and was censored at that; was then slowly and so far as I have heard thinly accepted by exhibitors; and was neglected by such sincere and intelligent people as the members of the National Board of Review's Committee on Exceptional Films, in favor of the showy, skilful, far less fine "The True Glory," which was called the best film of its year.

The war is over now; I doubt that we shall see many more American factual films of anywhere near the quality of "San Pietro."

Even more wonderful, in a sense, was William Wellman's less nearly perfect film, "Story of G. I. Joe," for it proved what can be done, even now, in the middle of Hollywood, when men adequate to a noble subject are not drawn and quartered by their bosses. But it proves nothing, of course, about the chances a hundred other able people are going to get.

Neither does Jean Renoir's "The Southerner," though it too is a film which could hardly have been made except by grace of unusually disinterested producers. If I were a "constructive"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critic—that is, able to believe that "A Song to Remember" is a film to be praised because it brings Chopin to the juke-boxes—I might see in these two films what is called a hopeful trend. I will wait, instead, and see how many producers and investors allow how many good artists to do work worth doing in 1946. And I will remember that although Haydn was almost too well fixed with the Esterhazys for his own best interests, that was no help to Mozart.

I won't try to go on with this discussion, even in this superficial way. Among the other best films of 1945 I would particularly mention, in roughly the following order of preference, the very pretty, very talented, rather velvety "The Clock"; the very hard-surfaced, bright, superficial "The Lost Weekend"; the hard-worked, exciting "Objective Burma" and the equally hard-worked, more doggedly humane "Pride of the Marines"; the charming but equivocal and overrated "Colonel Blimp," now cut to bits; the fitful, sometimes very encouraging "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"; the cellophaned aspidistra "On Approval"; John Ford's visually beautiful, otherwise not very interesting "They Were Expendable," with Robert Montgomery's unimprovable performance; the somewhat poky yet very able "The Way Ahead"; the sometimes corny, always impassioned "The Last Chance." Other good pictures to see, and some of them better than that, are the tawdry, bitter "Mildred Pierce," with Joan Crawford's return, and her best performance; Herman Shumlin's intense, faithful "Confidential Agent"; the clever, nasty little comedy "Practically Yours"; some angry, hard-focused scenes in "A Medal for Benny"; the easy, sunny "Anchors Aweigh"; "State Fair," for pleasant tunes and a few pleasant scenes; Val Lewton's "Body Snatchers" and "Isle of the Dead," too pedagogic and verbal at times, but still showing some of the most sensitive movie intelligence in Hollywood; Robert Siodmak's visually gifted melodrama "The Suspect"; "Fighting Lady," a well-made and spectacular film which looks to me more and more like a magnificent box of chocolates filled with plasma; the bustling "True Glory," which also loses value in retrospect; and Fred Allen's rowdy "It's in the Bag." To people who share my near-adoration of the intricately wrong I also commend "Kiss and Tell," "The Three Caballeros," and "A Song to Remember," high among the unforgettable films of the year. While I am about it, too, I had better place near the top of the year's list "Salome Where She Danced." I merely enjoyed it when I saw it, and was slow to realize how much of it must have been meant for that kind of enjoyment. I now gratefully salute it as the funniest dead-pan parody I have ever seen; and if by unlikely chance any Merton Gills are hurt by this, I am much sorrier than I know how to say.

If you are content to be merely realistic about it—to use a strangely perverted word in the only meaning it seems to carry today—I suppose that it wasn't exactly a bad movie year. Those who are satisfied with it are welcome to it. So far as I am concerned, I am grateful that a few of the many people of ability and integrity who work in Hollywood managed, with God knows what bloodshed and heartbreak, to get *on* the screen something more than a split-second glimmer of what they have in them to put there. And I am grateful for hundreds of split-second glimmers, which I wish I had room to specify. But the desire of any critic, like that of any artist, who has a right even to try to defend or practice an art—as perhaps of any human being who has a right even to try to defend or practice living—cannot be satisfied short of perfect liberty, discipline, and achievement, though the attempt may be wholly loved and honored.

I see little if any more to love and honor for the attempt, in films, and little if any more substantial chance even to make the attempt, than at any other time during the past fifteen years.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

SOME further observations have occurred to me concerning the Budapest Quartet. A discriminating listener will of course hear in its playing the phraseological inflection that one hears in no other quartet performances, and in this the operation of musical powers beyond those of any other group. He will, however, be aware of these powers operating to produce this inflection in some Budapest performances nowadays in which there are almost incredible technical defects like scratchy tone and faulty intonation, and evidence of a lack of the intensity of involvement, or even of the mere interest in the occasion, that is essential for certain important qualities of ensemble performance. And he can appreciate when another group, though it does not exhibit the operation of such musical powers in phraseological inflection, plays nevertheless with fine musical insight in its phrasing, with perfect intonation and beauty of sound, and with a life in the ensemble execution that is produced by keen interest and pleasure in the concerted activity.

Most of the people who crowd in to hear the Budapest Quartet these days are not discriminating listeners for whom the playing of the group at its best is a standard which enables them to know when it is playing at less than its best, or to appreciate good playing by another group. They take the name Budapest as assurance of perfection; and perfection, therefore, is what they hear even when what the quartet is producing is imperfection. And not only does that name prevent them from hearing the defects of tone and intonation, the lifelessness of certain performances, but another name would prevent them from appreciating the beautiful tone, the perfect intonation, the vitality of the performances of another group—for example the quartet of Boston Symphony players whom I heard play Fauré at Harvard.

I am describing attitudes that I have observed in what people have said at the concerts, and what some of them have said in print. There was a New Friends of Music concert this season at which the Budapest Quartet was replaced by an assembled group of experienced string-players who performed the Brahms B flat Trio and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet with the pianist Webster Aitken. The *Herald Tribune* reviewer, Jerome D. Bohm, seems to have had his ears and mind open to whatever might happen, and to have heard what actually did happen: he found it remarkable that musicians who were not members of a permanent ensemble could produce such "well-integrated, carefully proportioned" performances; and he went into detail about the performance of the Brahms Trio, pointing out, among other things, that "Mr. Aitken set forth the difficult piano part not only with technical assurance but with unerring musical perceptiveness, blending the piano part so skilfully with the strings that they were never overweighted"—something, I might observe, that an experienced person would know could have been achieved only by long and careful rehearsal. The *Times* reviewer, on the other hand—the par-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticular initials of *Times* reviewers don't matter—knew what a person of discernment should hear, and heard it: performances that "lacked the unity of style which might have been expected of the Budapesters"—that is, of two or three members of the Budapest Quartet playing with a pianist and a string bass-player outside of their group and with styles different from their own; in particular "a rough-and-ready rather than a carefully studied performance" of the Brahms Trio.

Bruno Walter's Saturday afternoon broadcast of Mahler's Fourth Symphony with the Philadelphia Orchestra renewed my impression of the unfailing alertness and attentiveness of Mahler's mind, which keeps the discursive, long-winded progression freshly interesting with detail after detail that is contrived with originality and subtlety. And after hearing what Burgin failed to do with the work in a Boston Symphony broadcast last year, I was able to appreciate how wonderfully Walter's changes of pace bound together into coherent sequence the episodes that otherwise would have fallen apart.

The performance was cut off, at the end of the hour, before the conclusion of the work; and this happened because at the beginning of the hour Harl McDonald used up several minutes with preliminary talk—not even an explanation of the scheme of the Fourth Symphony, but chit-chat about Stokowski's famous performance of Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand" many years ago. It was a perfect example of the pattern of American broadcasting, which represents the inability of the American broadcasting mind to conceive of anyone listening to a broadcast of music out of interest in the music, and of a symphony being broadcast with nothing more than a statement of what symphony it is and who is performing it.

There are worse examples—the worst being what a reader once described as "the six-ring circus the Metropolitan has become under commercial sponsorship." In addition to the quiz there are two new entertainment features this year. One is a forum, on which I cannot comment since I could no more listen to Messrs. Downes, Spaeth, Bagar, and Lawrence in serious discussion than I could listen to their frolicsome answers to questions. The other is called, I believe, "Opera News of the Air," which turned out—the first two times—to be better than its title. That is, Mr. Boris Goldovsky not only made instructive points about opera as a musical form, but he did the thing that is rarely done and that must be done: he sang and played passages of music which gave real meaning to his words for the listener. If Mr. Goldovsky had had ten minutes in which to develop his ideas by speaking and illustrating, he would have accomplished something valuable. But in accordance with American broadcasting practice he presented his ideas in an entertainment pattern—a dramatization in which he brought Mozart back to life for conversation with two Metropolitan singers and himself; and in this pattern the ideas were robbed of time and of the listener's attention by the drama.

At the third session, the last I heard, the guest composer was not Mozart but William Schuman; and instead of the music of "Die Meistersinger" being used to teach radio listeners something about opera, the story was used to teach them the attitude Mr. Schuman would like them to have toward music like his. By all means let radio listeners be receptive to the new in music; but let me assure them that composers like Mr. Schuman have not been victims of the intolerance that is the subject of "Die Meistersinger." Excessive tolerance has enabled some of them to get away with murder.

In Short

"The East India Company and the British Empire in the Far East," by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur (Richard R. Smith, $7.50). Trade does not always follow the flag; sometimes the flag follows trade. It was with no thought of territorial expansion that the East India Company was launched as "a joint venture" in 1599 by a group of London merchants who wished to share in the profits of the spice trade, then monopolized by the Dutch and Portuguese. But from this modest beginning there grew the empire which is becoming the sharpest thorn in the British crown. Mrs. Wilbur has reexamined this astounding story as a scholar but presents her findings with an eye to the general reader. Her earlier chapters are the best. In writing of the company's later years, when the skeins of history become extremely tangled, she tends to follow the line of the conventional apologists for imperialism.

"League of Nations and National Minorities," by P. de Azcárate (Published by Columbia University Press for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, $2). Ever since the rise of nationalism, the problem of national minorities has disturbed international relations. Between the wars it became a chronic cause of tension, and today, even though the problem has been ruthlessly solved in some countries, it remains among the most challenging issues facing the United Nations Organization. We have reason to be grateful, therefore, to Mr. Azcárate, the distinguished ambassador of the Spanish Republic in London, for his dispassionate review of the only systematic attempt to develop an international therapy for inflamed minority situations. As director for twelve years of the Minorities Questions Section of the League of Nations, he writes with unrivaled authority on the subject.

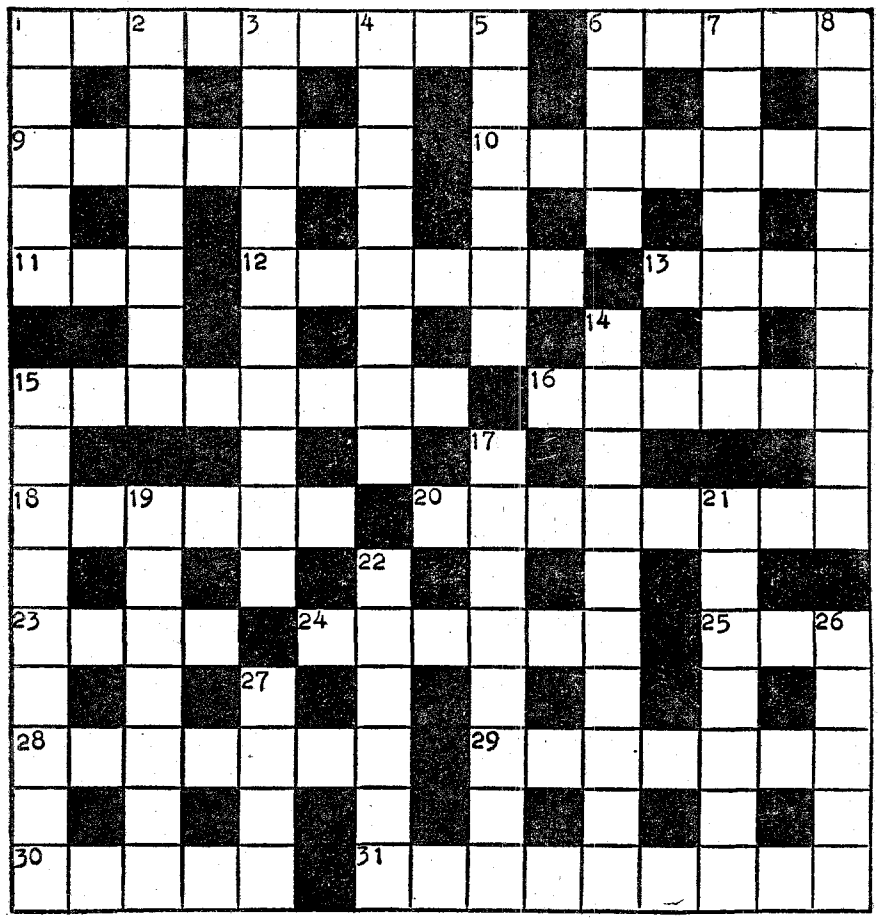
"Trail to California: The Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly." Edited with an introduction by David Morris Potter (Yale, $3.50). Professor Potter selected this diary for publication from the large number of manuscript journals of the overland route which form part of the Coe collection of Western Americana in the Yale University Library. It was a worthy choice, for the two diarists, who were members of a well-organized company from Charleston, Virginia, provide a detailed, sober, and straightforward account of their journey. The introduction and ample annotation, which stress the organizational problems of travel on the overland route rather than its romantic aspects, give proof of the editor's sound judgment and assiduity in research.

"Benjamin Franklin's Autobiographical Writings." Selected and edited by Carl Van Doren (Viking, $5). Franklin's "Autobiography" is a wonderful book, but it is a fragment. It not only stops short thirty years before its author died but gives a far less full account than we would like of much of his early life. The innumerable admirers of the Grand Old Extrovert have reason to be grateful, therefore, to Mr. Van Doren, who has extracted from Franklin's works and correspondence a mass of supplementary autobiographical material. Some of his selections are familiar; others are published for the first time. The whole makes a bulky volume which can be warmly recommended either for consecutive reading or for dipping into at odd moments. K. H.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 144

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Opera Wagner finished with a broad smile
6 Strange getting a cable from an enchantress with a masculine name
9 Will make your tires last longer
10 Denoting a number of Ural men
11 A final remark from McCulloch
12 Greek island which produces lemons and melons
13 Stories which may be preferred on the golf course
15 Calvin Coolidge was, in a manner of speaking
16 Price of a communal measure of corn in Russia?
18 A self-evident truth
20 Exclusively American spectacles
23 Spot
24 Thwarted maliciously
25 Where more downright lying goes on than anywhere else
28 It's real, by gar!
29 This we dug for victory (4 & 3)
30 Flog, and what to use to do it
31 Colossus --------- the entrance to the harbor at Rhodes

DOWN

1 The famous movement from Handel's *Messiah*
2 Tool which suggests what to do with a nest-egg
3 Etui (6 & 4)
4 Timed run (anag.)
5 One abbreviated non-commissioned officer within another
6 Gets struck, after being so accommodating!
7 Day of the movies
8 This Dickens' character was no Sweet William (4 & 5)
14 Meteorological extremes in the neighborhood of Bath (3, 3 & 4)
15 This London promenade can't be so bad, for wasn't it originally "Route en Roi"? (6 & 3)
17 New England poet who apparently was more amusing than Dame Whitty
19 Sup a pal in a Swedish seat of learning
21 Cook follows me up
22 Bright young things
26 Men of color
27 A go-getter's eager start

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 143

ACROSS:—1 BACON; 4 CIVIC; 7 OSTRICH; 10 RAZOR; 11 IMPEL; 12 MAILVAN; 13 SANS; 16 BRIE; 18 AGENT; 20 SWINGE; 21 TWINED; 22 LENSES; 24 ATTILA; 25 STYLE; 26 OMAR; 28 DUST; 31 BAGPIPE; 33 BURMA; 34 ARIEL; 35 RODENTS; 36 TASTE; 37 EVERY.

DOWN:—1 BIRDS; 2 COZEN; 3 NORM; 4 CHIN; 5 VIPER; 6 CHLOE; 8 TWINGE; 9 INVENT; 14 ABSALOM; 15 SPINNER; 16 BANDIED; 17 INDIANS; 18 AGNES; 19 TWITE; 23 STAGED; 24 ALBION; 26 ORBIT; 27 ACRES; 29 UNITE; 30 TALLY; 31 BARE; 32 EASE.

CONTRIBUTORS

RANDALL JARRELL, who contributes a regular Verse Chronicle to *The Nation,* is the author of two books of poetry, "Blood for a Stranger" and "Little Friend, Little Friend."

BENJAMIN HARROW is professor of biochemistry at the College of the City of New York.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ is the author of "Shenandoah," "In Dreams Become Responsibilities," and "The Imitation of Life and Other Problems of Literary Criticism."

JANET ROSENWALD, an editor on the staff of the Institute of World Affairs, has collected and exhibited contemporary Indian painting from the Southwest.

PHILIP TAFT is a member of the Department of Economics at Brown University.

RALPH BATES is a close student of politics. He helped organize the International Brigade and fought with it in Spain for three years. Among his books are "Sirocco," "The Fields of Paradise," "Rainbow Fish," "The Olive Field," and "The Undiscoverables."

RESORTS

INVITATION TO RELAX
Enjoy the serenity of Plum Point. Gorgeous countryside, roaring fireplace, delicious food — and fun.
Only 55 miles from New York
MAKE RESERVATIONS EARLY
PLUM POINT
"Year-Round Vacation Resort"
New Windsor, N.Y. Tel: Newburgh 4270

SAMUEL SCHAFER
"A Country Retreat With Homelike Atmosphere"
45 miles from N. Y.
WINTER SPORTS
CENTRAL VALLEY NEW YORK

OAKWOOD
NEW WINDSOR, N. Y. Newburgh 4477
Delightful...skating on private lake. Open fireplaces.
Different...the colonial atmosphere.
Delicious...our unexcelled cuisine.
Diverting...recordings for listening & dancing.
All this only 53 miles from New York City
A Resort for Adults Only

★ ★ ★ ★
Buy a Ticket to Victory...
Buy another Bond today
★ ★ ★ ★

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED